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THE NATION

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A REMEMBRANCE With Cpl. Hammett On Adak

E.E. SPITZER

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Research and Corruption

THE EXXON-NIXXON AXIS

WILLIAM RODGERS

●

Joyce Carol Oates / 'Do With Me What You Will'

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LETTERS

investigating AID

Binghamton, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Thank you for the article on AID and the police training it sponsors on behalf of Latin American dictatorships ["Policing Latin America: The Reality Behind *State of Siege*," by Michael T. Klare, *The Nation*, Dec. 10, 1973]. It answers many of the questions ignored by a previous article on AID ["Trojan Horse of 'AID': Charity Begins at Home," by Asher Brynes, *The Nation*, Oct. 1, 1973].

It is encouraging to see that you never stop investigating the important issues. *Julio Rodríguez-Luis*

blooming invasion

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In Andrew Boyd's article, "Quicksands of Ulster" [*The Nation*, Dec. 3] an important event that took place in Ulster in February 1972 was omitted. John Hume, a Catholic member of Stormont, brought an action which was upheld by the Supreme Court of Northern Ireland, that found the British Army had no legal basis for being in Ireland. In other words, a blooming invasion. Every arrest, and every act of the Army was declared unconstitutional. Instead of obeying the court, however, the English Government resorted to retrospective law, which is no law at all, and continued the invasion of Ireland. With NATO support, no less.

The government of England will not abandon Ulster because of oil. Look how much wealth is being robbed from Scotland by English imperialism. The discovery of oil near Scotland seals the fate of Ulster. England will never surrender a chance to steal oil deposits.

Tom Burke

Pound's little game

Staunton, Va.

DEAR SIRS: Congratulations on the very fair review of Ezra Pound's *Selected Prose, 1909-1965* by Harriet Zinnes [*The Nation*, Dec. 10] which should be one of the basic books in anyone's library. You have proved that once an editor is able to put his ingrained prejudices behind him, he is able to publish good criticism. I did balk a bit at the reproduction of Allen Ginsberg's alleged "confession" of anti-Semitism from Ezra, who never while in durance vile "confessed" to anything. I suspect that he was pulling Ginsberg's leg, as I saw him do with Randall Jarrell and many others of the goofy Left.

Eustace Mullins, president
Ezra Pound Institute of Civilization

fallacious villainy

Middletown, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: The important thing about Karleton Armstrong's bombing of Sterling Hall is that this and similar violent actions gave Nixon re-election on a platter ["The Madison Bombing: Watershed Between the Decades," by Daniel Schwartz, *The Nation*, Nov. 26].

The average American doesn't want to be beaten up, bombed, or have his windows smashed. Why should he? One defeats villains in a democracy by reason, not by more villainy.

Tertius Chandler

correction

In last week's issue, the captions under the photographs of Cheddi Jagan and Forbes Burnham were inadvertently transposed. *Editors*

EDITORIALS

Whistling Dixie

Atlanta is by way of becoming the national capital of the Republican Party. Three major candidates for the 1976 nomination—Governor Reagan, John Connally, and Nelson Rockefeller—flew to Atlanta recently to make look-me-over appearances at the meeting of the Southern Republican Conference, attended by 1,200 delegates and thirteen state party chairmen. Each of them took the same tack: they tried to put the greatest possible distance between the GOP and the Watergate scandals while at the same time strongly defending President Nixon. This of course was the message the delegates wanted to hear. Governor Reagan was clearly the favorite; he received ovation after ovation. Connally, who hopes to find a mass base for his candidacy in the South, was the runner-up. Rockefeller was pleasantly received and told that in view of what he is now saying all he needs to be in the running is a Southern accent.

Several distinct layers of meaning underline this ardent wooing of Southern Republicans by the leading contenders. Since 1923 conservative party leaders have been reinforcing their control by means of a provision in the rules which bestows extra convention delegates to states that most consistently vote Republican. By means of Rule 30, conservatives have so boxed in the party's options that the ten largest states will seat 20 per cent fewer delegates than they would command if delegates were selected on the basis of population or in proportion to their share of the total Republican vote in the 1972 election. The Southern Republicans made it quite clear at Atlanta that they do not favor any reform of the prevailing delegate selection procedures. What it comes down to, as columnist Charles Bartlett notes, is that Rule 30 will allow the twenty-seven states with the least people to cast a majority vote at the 1976 convention. These states represent only 17 per cent of the nation's population. So Southern delegates would seem to be the key to winning the Republican nomination if not the election in 1976, but the price could be higher than the contenders realize.

At Atlanta those who opposed Rep. William Steiger's attempt to secure some modification of the delegate selection rule were quick to point out that the Republican Party in the South does not receive a large black vote. One delegate told Steiger: "You're placing your priorities on attracting black votes when what we really need is to bring in more white votes. You run the danger of repelling the voters in my county." Recently elected Virginia Gov. Mills Godwin, a Democrat turned Republican, made the same point. Hundreds of thousands of former Southern Democrats now occupy, he said (quoted by Lou Cannon in *The Washington Post*), "a no-man's land between the two political parties. The events of this year may have slowed the migration, but I do not see in my own state that they can go back to the party from which they've come."

Taking the longer and larger view, former Gov. Linwood Holton of Virginia has warned the party that it is "committing political suicide" if it does not seek every

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possible means of attracting black voters. Holton has pointed out that he could not have been elected Governor in 1969 without black support. The South is changing. Atlanta has a black mayor. More blacks serve in the House, more are being elected to local office throughout the South. Nor is the South a monolith. From a national point of view it would indeed be suicidal for the Republicans to write off the black vote everywhere as the price of recruiting white Democrats in the South.

Some of the Republican contenders defend their use of Southern rhetoric in their Southern appearances by saying that it is only double-talk and not to be taken seriously. Up North they grin broadly and give their supporters a nudge in the ribs and say that they were only "sweet-talking" verbally susceptible Southern Republicans. Off the record, they will also say that the use of Southern rhetoric in the South often echoes among hard-hat, suburban, and "peripheral ethnic voters" outside the region, and has been known to have a soothing effect on these groups. But in politics the use of Aesopian language can boomerang; network news makes it difficult to say something in Atlanta without its being heard in Detroit where it just might be misinterpreted.

Republican contenders who have elected to follow the Southern strategy in pursuit of victory in 1976 should note that the Democrats recently set up a caucus of Democratic Mayors for the first time. The sixteen Mayors on the organizing committee include those of Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Seattle, Boston, Newark and San Francisco. The caucus could become a potent force for mobilizing support for the Democrats in the big states. They might also note that the "social issues" of 1968, 1970 and 1972 have been pushed aside by more urgent economic issues, just as the Watergate scandals have dampened enthusiasm for "law-and-order" politics. The big suburban boom may well have peaked; New York City officials now make quite a point of saying that only 27 per cent of those residents who hold jobs drive to work (one of the lowest percentages of the major cities).

Since 1968, blacks have begun to play the game of politics with more skill than in times past. Polls show that the "peripheral white ethnics" are swinging back to the Democratic Party. In short, while the Southern strategy may have helped Nixon in 1968, it is not likely to help the Republican nominee in 1976.

International 'Enemies' List

The President may not have compiled the list of domestic enemies who were to be subjected to Internal Revenue inquisition or otherwise "screwed." We can give him the benefit of the doubt on that one, but he *is* responsible for a parallel proscription in the foreign field. One of Mr. Nixon's peculiarities is that he takes opposition personally. Another of his quirks is that he seems not to realize that he is dealing with sovereign nations, not with lesser breeds who are in duty bound to approve of everything the United States does, and must be chastised for contrary views.

The President's international son-of-a-bitch roster is not as extensive as the one revealed by John Dean, and the guilty nations are subjected only to a diplomatic

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freeze, but this is enough to disturb not only the countries directly involved but to arouse resentment in diplomatic circles generally. Mr. Nixon has discriminated in varying degrees against Canada, New Zealand, Australia, the Netherlands, Finland, Sweden and Denmark. The most dramatic case is that of Sweden, with which relations were not merely strained but practically severed. The occasion, as in most of the other demonstrations of American resentment, was the 1972 Christmas bombing of North Vietnam, which accomplished nothing—the Vietnams are only nominally at peace—and inspired worldwide disapproval, which Premier Olof Palme expressed most forcibly. The U.S. chargé d'affaires in Stockholm was on vacation at the time and Mr. Nixon ordered him not to return to his post. A newly named Swedish ambassador was told not to show his face in Washington. Palme retaliated by standing in front of a Stockholm department store and collecting signatures on a petition condemning the bombing.

The freeze against Canada was nothing short of harebrained, since the United States is eager to speed up development of oil and natural gas deposits in the Canadian Arctic in the hope of getting some of the fuel for our Midwest states, which have always relied heavily on such supplies from Canada. The Canadians are understandably reluctant to continue this arrangement, since they may need the gas and oil themselves in the 1980s. Then there is the fact that relations between the United States and Canada, with their common border, have long been cited as an example of international amity, despite Canadian resentment of U.S. economic dominance. Nevertheless, when the Canadian parliament condemned the Yuletide bombings, Mr. Nixon was enraged to the point where White House aides warned U.S. businessmen to avoid Canadian diplomats and, according to David Binder in the December 16th *New York Times*, no one above the rank of the Canada desk officer would receive a Canadian diplomat. Binder also reports that a Nixon Cabinet member "deliberately" insulted Mrs. Cadieux, the Ambassador's wife.

New Zealand has not had an American ambassador since October 1972, although there is a U.S. chargé d'affaires and relations on the day-to-day working level have not been adversely affected. New Zealand, however, has its pride as much as the United States, perhaps more so, since it lacks a nuclear arsenal. The *Los Angeles Times* correspondent reports from Wellington that the New Zealanders are somewhat annoyed, and so are Americans in the embassy. "It's an increasing embarrassment to us," Robert Muldoon, the deputy leader of the opposition in New Zealand's parliament, told the *Los Angeles Times* man. "At a certain point you get the clear feeling that the American administration is not much interested in New Zealand. This kind of thing always hurts the national pride a little."

Perhaps Dr. Kissinger can tactfully curb Mr. Nixon's arrogance. Senator Fulbright wrote a book titled *The Arrogance of Power*, but there is also the power of arrogance. The augmentation of Presidential power might be curbed by a cutback in Presidential arrogance and the spurious machismo which is one of the factors that has plunged Mr. Nixon into a sea of troubles.

On Demagogues

Norman Redlich, who served with distinction as Corporation Counsel in the last years of the Lindsay administration, will be remembered by *Nation* readers for his seminal contributions to these pages, including a special feature, "Does Silence Mean Guilt?" written in collaboration with Laurent B. Frantz, which brilliantly defended the Fifth Amendment—the same amendment that has been invoked again and again this last year by Watergate witnesses, some of whom would with glee have seen it shredded in the 1950s. At the time of Nixon's famous Checkers speech we published—and here reprint—a guest editorial by Mr. Redlich. We do so not as a measure of Mr. Redlich's acuity or our editorial judgment but because it is even clearer now than it was then that demagoguery can always be a dangerous disease in democratic societies, and one that must be endlessly combatted. It will never be eliminated because it is one of the unavoidable risks of such societies. But in the revision of the curriculum now under way in the wake of Watergate, is it too much to ask that students, at various levels, be enrolled in a course which would explain the nature of demagoguery, provide some useful hints on how to spot demagogues and how best to cope with their falsehoods and distortions? Perhaps Mr. Redlich might be induced to update his handbook for reference use in such a project.

A HANDBOOK FOR DEMAGOGUES

(From *The Nation*, October 4, 1952)

Last Wednesday the American people were given a remarkable lesson in political demagoguery. Whatever one may think of Senator Nixon's morals or wisdom, one must admit that in thirty minutes he made a historic contribution to the science of rabble-rousing. Lest his technique be obscured by the political controversy surrounding the whole incident, I will indicate its principles:

1. Pretend to be a poor ordinary man fighting the possessors of inherited wealth. Refer to the fact that the standard-bearer of the opposing party inherited money. Mention your own humble origin and your wife's "cloth coat." Tell the people that poor men like yourself should represent them in Congress.

2. Appeal to people's national origins regardless of how irrelevant it may be. Disclose that your wife's maiden name was Ryan and that the Irish never quit.

3. Attack your opponents as Pro-Communist but don't make the mistake that Joe McCarthy made—be subtle about it. Remind your audience that the same people who opposed you in the Hiss case are against you now.

4. If you are a veteran, mention it but try to be casual. Discuss the battle stars in an offhand way but make it clear that you were under enemy fire.

5. Cast doubt on the honesty of the opposing candidates, mention that your opponent's wife is on the federal pay roll. There is nothing dishonest about that, but it sounds bad, especially if the man isn't there to answer it. Keep harping on the fund controlled by the other party's chief candidate, even though it is completely different from your own fund. Twist the facts just enough to arouse suspicion.

6. Appeal to people's sympathy. Pretend to be the

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honest man who is viciously persecuted by smear artists. Plead with the people not to let your enemies take your pet dog away. Tell them that it hurts to bare your soul and your finances in public. Repeat this over and over again so they won't notice the important things you have left unsaid. End by promising you will never stop fighting the crooks and Communists attacking you.

7. Above all, never, never discuss the actual thing for which you were called to task by the American people. Never compare your voting record with the economic interests of those who contributed to your fund. Never raise the question whether it was right to take money from people who have a stake in the way you vote. Create your own ethical standards and then point out how rigidly you adhere to them.

If you do all these things, a great general will laud your courage and you will be flooded with telegrams of sympathy and support. And if the people are really as dumb as you think they are, you may some day be President of the United States. NORMAN REDLICH

A Mountain of Debt

For years now a cloud has hovered over the economy. The media for the most part looked the other way, but Michael Tanzer faced it in "Depression Warning: Out on the Credit Limb" [*The Nation*, June 2, 1969]. Tanzer called attention to the pyramiding of debt and increasing illiquidity. Liquidity is an enigmatic term: its meaning must be translated into debts, income, wages, etc., but what it means basically is ability on the part of consumers and institutions to pay their debts when due, whether rents, installment debt, mortgage debt, taxes or the obligations of a great corporation like, for instance, the Penn Central Railroad, a shining example of illiquidity.

Still, nothing highly disconcerting has happened in the more than four years since Tanzer sounded his warning. Something has always intervened to postpone the reckoning, e.g., the 1972 election and the sell-out to big corporations as a means of restoring public confidence. As the Republic approaches its second centennial, our people do not like to be distracted from the pursuit of happiness in its more insensate forms.

But will we, this time? Maybe, but not just because, as Tanzer wrote, "In recent years economists of all political persuasions have tended to depreciate the threat of cyclical instability in the U.S. economy." The nasty word "depression" dropped out of the vocabulary. Lord Keynes was thought to have exorcised that demon. "I am a Keynesian," President Nixon assured us. The current hysterical ups and downs of the stock market indicate a loss of confidence in that supposed panacea.

The conditions this time are different and the danger of large-scale illiquidity is greater. *The Wall Street Journal* (December 11, 1973) titled a survey piece, "Real Bogeyman? Debt Burden Poses Major Worry in Any Recession Now." A sub-caption explains: "Debt Load, No Trouble Before, Could Deepen an Oil-Caused Recession." If so, the oil shortage would be only a secondary factor: the trouble lies much deeper. Leonard H. Lempert, one of the economists quoted in the article, points out that since 1970, when the current expansion began, mortgage debt has been soaring at annual rates above $50 billion, and consumer debt at the rate of $20 billion a year. These figures are unprecedented. Prior to the current upswing mortgage debt never rose by more than $20 billion annually and installment debt never by more than $9 billion annually. Of course inflation is a factor in these rates, but by all indications inflation will continue despite the fuel-energy crisis, layoffs, etc. It would be dangerous in such a setting to increase the supply of money, or to do some of the things, singly or in combination, that have availed in times past.

The Wall Street Journal points out further that the debt burden is especially heavy among corporations, which now owe an unprecedented $900 billion. And here is Lockheed, the nation's number-one defense contractor, ringing the bell like a street-corner Santa Claus. It needs more than the $650 million in bank loans which it obtained in 1971 with the aid of a $250 million government guarantee. And according to USDA statistics, the farm debt now totals nearly $70 billion. Given these rough approximations of the mounting burden it is not surprising that consumers' "discretionary" income may very recently have begun to decline.

We are not forecasters. Maybe Mr. Nixon and his aides can manage the liquidity crisis better than they have managed some of the other crises the nation now faces, but the monitors have given us a warning and we should heed what they have to report.

The Nerve of It

Faced with a public relations problem, the Army is never at a loss for a gimmick. In this instance the difficulty centers on public concern over storage of mustard gas, phosgene and other lethal chemical warfare weapons at Rocky Mountain Arsenal just 10 miles from the center of Denver. Another source of embarrassment is Sen. Frank E. Moss's reminder that 6,400 sheep were killed in his state—Utah—a few years ago when some VX-type nerve gas was released from a military airplane in an experiment that miscarried. The Army, consequently, has been faced with the problem of showing that poison gas could be produced in some relatively harmless form. It need not be quite as harmless as, say, nitrous oxide—"laughing gas"—used as an anesthetic in dentistry, but apprehensive civilians had to be assured that, if accidentally released, it would not kill them outright.

A happy solution was found in the binary concept of chemical munitions. Two different gases would be stored in, say, an artillery shell, with a membrane separating them. While neither of the gases would be recommended for breathing, as long as the membrane was tight there would be no serious reason for alarm. Only when the shell was fired and the membrane ruptured would the mixture become lethal, to the discomfiture of the enemy (whether military or civilian does not really matter).

Even so, accidental mixing is readily conceivable; but the Army regards this as a minor risk and certainly, from a public relations standpoint, it is placed in a more defensible position. The question that is not readily answered goes to the heart of the matter: why do we need chemi-

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cal munitions at all? The Army's answer is that the Russians might use gas in some future war, so we must have gas to counter their gas. Even if war does not come, our gas will deter their gas. An editorial in the December 13, 1973 *Washington Post* derides this view. "This," the *Post* says, "is like saying that in order to deter the Russians from trampling us with elephant herds, we must raise our own elephant herds. It is, in a word, ridiculous. No canon of war requires the United States to respond with the same weapons used by a foe. We would still retain a broad range of other choices if we relinquished nerve gas and like chemical agents. By relinquishing chemicals, however, the United States would be making a modest but real contribution to a more civilized international society."

This is hardly an argument that will appeal to military men or the learned civilians who serve them and have been converted to the military way of thinking. Nor is it merely a question of weapons: the question is rather the extent to which reason can be brought to bear on problems of "defense." Senator Moss and Sen. Floyd K. Haskell (D., Colo.) tried, last September, to get an amendment adopted that would come up with an answer to a related question —the most effective means of eliminating all existing supplies of nerve gas. The amendment became part of the defense authorization bill but was dropped in conference. Thus a sane, sensible suggestion went by the board.

Second, in this matter of chemical warfare we are not as virtuous as we like to proclaim ourselves. In his first term President Nixon renounced "first use" of lethal and incapacitating chemicals but he was not moved to sign the Geneva Protocol which outlaws first use. He submitted the protocol to the Senate in 1970 but explicitly excluded "riot control agents and chemical herbicides," obviously to keep himself free to carry on his wars in Indochina without impediment, and to use gas against the ferocious young people who were protesting vehemently against the associated policies. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee thereupon sent the treaty back to him, probably not to Mr. Nixon's displeasure, and there the matter rests.

A third point involves the almost forgotten Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, which subsists on a starvation budget of $7 million annually and has nothing to do with major arms control negotiations. The agency is consistently ignored by the Pentagon, which in the case of the binary nerve gas insisted that this was strictly a military question of "modernizing" the Army's chemical warfare weapons. Instead of knuckling under to the Pentagon, Dr. Fred C. Ikle, who took over as director of the failing agency in July 1973, protested that the binary nerve gas was militarily unnecessary and would further thwart international efforts to control chemical warfare. Another argument offered by the Arms Control Agency is that semi-industrialized nations might resort to the binary gas technique in their wars with one another, or to quell domestic opposition. If it does nothing else, the controversy has brought the agency into public notice, and perhaps henceforth the Pentagon will be less contemptuous of it.

The Army says it will cost $200 million to convert to binary nerve gases. *The Washington Post* says $500 million. On the basis of past experience, *The Nation* is willing to bet on the *Post*'s figure. The key question, however, is whether the vested interest of the Army's chemical warfare service is to prevail, or whether common sense and the best scientific intelligence are to be paramount in this and many other military projects.

A REMEMBRANCE

With Corporal Hammett on Adak

E.E. SPITZER

I feel I'm mainly responsible for Dashiell Hammett's going to jail and the only way I can try to ease my mind is by telling how it happened. I knew him for about two and a half years and two of those were on the island of Adak in the Aleutians during World War II, when we both were corporals in the Army. His rank, the weather and the war were factors in the Hammett I knew.

First, the weather. The Aleutians, stretching from Alaska almost to the tip of the Soviet Union, have the worst weather possible, since it combines constant dampness with constant wind and a constant cloud cover. On an average day the wind is 40 miles an hour, which means that what would call for gale warnings elsewhere is just another day in the Aleutians. On an unaverage day in the winter, the wind can rise to 140 miles an hour. Add to this a cold dampness and the continual overcast of low gray clouds for about 360 days a year, and you have one of the most depressing places in the world, even without the occasional earthquakes.

It was the weather, even more than the lack of women, that produced in soldiers what was called the Aleutian Stare. In the early days our company took its meals in the mess of a National Guard Company that had been there a year, having arrived with the American invasion on the heels of the Japanese pull-out. On my first morning in the mess hall, I thought I had run into a collection of zombies. The guardsmen stared into their plates unseeingly and pushed food into their mouths mechanically. Then, like robots, they stood in line, scraped their plates, handed them in, and marched out dully into the howling snow. Later, I heard the story of a staff

E.E. Spitzer is a poet, a novelist (Once You Shave a Cactus, *Crown Publishers), and a free-lance humorist and nonfiction writer.*

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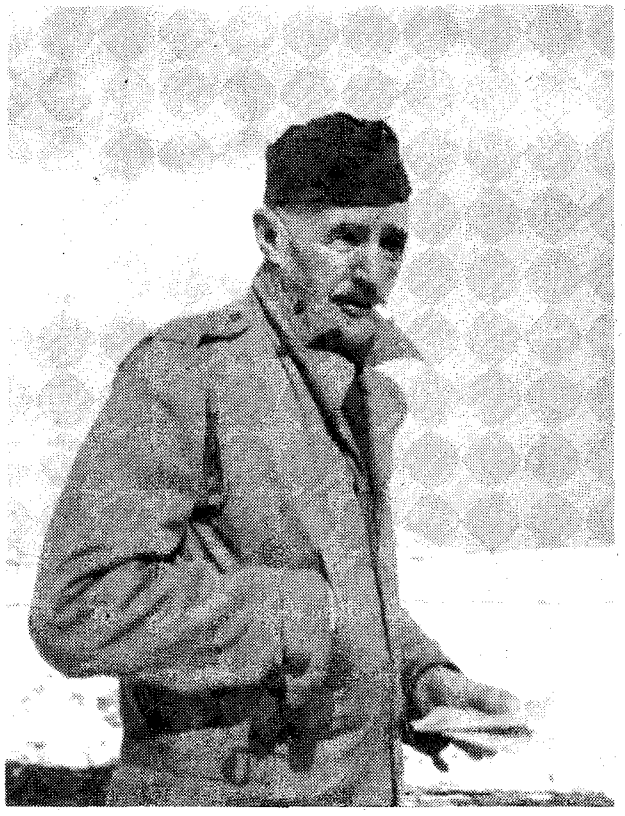
sergeant who had entered a mess hall of his own company and machine-gunned his own men.

I had been in the Aleutians for two years when one spring day, walking across the tundra, I found myself yelling, "All right, you sonofabitch wind, I've had enough of you! Now quit it! Stop it! Or I'll kill you!"

About a month before this, I was in front of Hammett in a chow line. (He claimed I always beat him to it



Dashiell Hammett

and he was right.) We were standing in the cold muck of which the islands are made. Above us the lowering clouds raced along, while the wind pulled at us. In the distance was the snow-sprinkled peak of Mount Moffit, a mainly extinct volcano.

"Ugly, stinking place," I said, kicking the muck. "I've got to get out of here." Hammett said mildly, "You're looking in the wrong direction." He gestured with his spoon at the clouds and Mount Moffit.

I suddenly saw everything through his eyes and realized it could be considered beautiful, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction or, more important, give up my right to bitch. I said elegantly, "Sam, you're full of shit," although I knew he was at least as right as I was.

That brings up a small but significant point. To those who knew Hammett in civilian life, he was called "Dash"; to those who knew him in the Army, he was "Sam," his full name being Samuel Dashiell Hammett. Sam himself never indicated any feelings on the subject, responding or not responding equally to both.

Which brings up the matter of rank. Sam was a great unrespecter of rank, and since he was only an enlisted man, enlisted men did not respect him; only the brass did. Sam was pretty much at the height of his fame then. He was known as the author of *The Thin Man* and *The Maltese Falcon*. He was still play-doctoring for Lillian Hellman, but by cable, and it was said he got more cables than the commanding general. Also, there was the fact that he was over-age for an enlisted man and it was known he had volunteered.

What was not generally known was that, having taken him in as a volunteer, the Army decided he was a radical and not to be trusted. By the time it decided that, Sam was working in cryptanalysis on the island of Umnak in the Aleutians.

What to do with him? The Army transferred him to the island of Adak, attached him to Headquarters Company and gave him nothing to do. Sam, looking for something to do, asked the commanding officer of Adak, Brig. Gen. Harry Thompson, for permission to establish a newspaper.

Thompson, a bright, no-nonsense man, thought it would be good for morale and told Corporal Hammett that if any of the brass ever gave the corporal any flak, the corporal should tell the brass to complain to the general about their problem.

I saw a notable result of that instruction more than a year later in the newspaper quonset hut. Sam was in his usual position, lying in his sleeping bag on the wooden counter that served as the staff's desks. His head was on the mimeograph machine and he was reading a book on materialist philosophy when there was a brisk knocking on the door.

No one even looked up. The staff, which at that point included me, was busy typing and writing the next day's issue, and who the hell ever knocked on a door anyway? Presently, the door snapped open and in strode a major, all gleaming brass and still-shined shoes. He glanced about sharply, looking as though he expected someone would call attention, although regulations make that unnecessary when you're working.

It was as if he had not entered. Finally, after what to him must have been a pregnant pause, he walked briskly to where editor Bill Glackin was typing.

"Sergeant, where can I find Corporal Hammett?"

Without losing the rhythm of his typing, Bill nodded toward the rear where Sam lay contemplating the intricacies of Marxian dialectics, while his busy and well-trained slaves turned out the 4-page newspaper that had become famous throughout the chain.

The major marched up to Sam.

"Corporal Hammett?"

A rhetorical question, because no one else in the hut had snow-white hair, the face of a philosophical hawk and a corporal's stripes. Sam's eyes slowly came off the page, went up to the major's face and uniform, and came down to the page again.

"Corporal! I'm speaking to you!"

Intent on the page, Sam said nothing.

"Corporal, I've come to inspect your newspaper!"

Obviously a lie, but also obviously, one delivered by a field-grade officer and one whose dignity and position were being ignored in front of a group of enlisted men, including one Pfc.

Sam shifted his book to make it more comfortable.

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Bernard Anastasia
Drawings from The Adakian

"Y' Know, That Reminds Me . . ."

"If you have a complaint, Major, make it to the general."

The major fell over his feet getting out of the hut.

Pfc. Dick Jack who didn't really believe that Sam was famous, said, "Boy, now you're going to get it, you stupid bastard."

Bernie Anastasia, one of our artists said, "All he wanted was your autograph, Sam. Why didn't you give it to him?" Bernie Kalb who was trying to learn to be a newspaperman said, "I guess that'll stop those klebes from bothering us." (Klebe was Bernie's current word for things he especially disliked or liked.)

It didn't stop the klebes entirely, but it did cut their visits to almost nothing.

Sam had staffed his newspaper entirely from our company. Ours was a Special Service outfit and contained not only an entertainment unit but a newspaper unit. The difference between the two units was that the entertainers had all been professionals, but the men in the newspaper unit had had almost no experience with a newspaper except reading one, and the short Army courses in journalism given them, along with calisthenics, close-order drill and bayonet practice during six weeks of basic training.

However, the group had been taught that a newspaper story is Who, What, When, Where and Why, and they all knew how to type and they had learned how to run a mimeo, so they were the best candidates Sam could find. (What Sam's influence on them was you can judge by the fact that at least two of the staff are still in the news business. Bill Glackin is on the Sacramento *Bee* and Bernie Kalb gives you the news on CBS-TV.)

Sam had some special theories about newspapers. He didn't think it was enough just to give the news. He believed that most people do not remember the background of most news stories—that they could not usually recall who had previously said what or done what to whom. Therefore, shortly after the beginning of each news story, his paper, *The Adakian,* gave the background of the story. This was done in brackets so you could easily distinguish it from the latest news and you could ignore it if it was already familiar.

Also, Sam did not believe in relying on any one news service to deliver the truth, particularly in wartime. The Armed Service network was furnishing a radio feed that combined AP, UP and INS, but that wasn't enough for Sam. He found a corporal with a formidable I.Q., who had taught history, and knew many languages, including Russian and German and Japanese. He set up a special shortwave receiving room at the post radio station for Robert Colodny.

Radio reception there where the Pacific meets the Bering Sea is phenomenal. Bob monitored Germany, Russia and Japan, among other countries. The result was a column in *The Adakian* of news and interpretation based on news reports from the major powers. The predictions were so accurate that soon General Thompson asked Corporal Colodny to prepare a weekly summary of the war for his personal use. This, despite the weekly summary he received from the Chiefs of Staff.

Movies were among the most important diversions on that bleak (beautiful?) island, so Sam trained our Hal Sykes to write movie reviews that encouraged you or discouraged you in one or two sentences. Sam felt that was all a review should do. After that, you ought to make your own judgments.

What was even scarcer than movies was humor, the humor you needed for your own equilibrium. Sam studded *The Adakian* with cartoons by three artists from our company. The humor was indigenous to the Aleutians and soon G.I.s all along the chain were mailing them home to explain what it was like. Eventually, the best cartoons were issued in a booklet, with a foreword by Sam. Probably the most important function of the cartoons was that they helped explain the G.I.s to themselves.

None of us knew that Sam had ever had a drinking problem. Even when beer finally became available, he never touched it. It was only when Sam visited civilization again that it emerged. Civilization in this case came to Sam via Joe Louis.

Louis arrived on Adak to give an exhibition, and to inaugurate an Army Boxing Tournament. The winners on each of the Aleutian Islands would compete with one another and the finalists would be flown to heaven, namely Anchorage, Alaska, where they would box the mainland winners.

The coverage by *The Adakian* was so complete and knowledgeable that the hand of a master was obvious. Naturally, the idea emerged to send Sam along with the boxing team, so that the whole Alaskan Department would have the advantage of his expert reporting.

Did he want to go? Maybe; otherwise why didn't he

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appeal to the general to let him stay behind? Did General Thompson insist he go to bring credit to Adak? Anyway, he went and his fall from the wagon was spectacular.

Main Street in Anchorage was a procession of bars and liquor stores. Sam didn't bother much with the liquor stores. Off the wagon, he was as effusive as he was withdrawn when sober. He wanted company for his drinking, anybody's company. And with his natural Toid Avenue and Toity-Toid Street tough-guy accent, he could talk to anybody. And did.

Smashed, crocked, jugged; loud, boisterous, talking nonsense, then eloquence, then just four-letter words. The gamut, including weeping.

Not that I was there to see. I was back on Adak having been asked by Sam to fill in on the paper for Bill Glackin who went to Anchorage with him. But I had an accurate account of Sam's journey through Anchorage bars because there was no lack of witnesses.

I had another account of how Sam later sobered up in Anchorage and stayed sober. The reason? Part of it certainly was a change of assignment. Once the boxing matches were over, it was decided a more serious assignment would be fitting, so an orientation team was set up by Major Hurford, head of the Alaskan Department Special Service. This team had the mission of touring the chain and telling the men Why We Fight. The team consisted of four men, led by Corporal Hammett. That was a subject Sam took seriously; it was why he had enlisted. He went on the wagon again.

When Sam returned to Adak, he resumed the horizontal reading position, once again the teetotaler.

After the war, I saw Sam only three times. The first time was when he took my wife and me to the Stork Club. Sam had met my wife in Anchorage when she was with the USO, and when he had sobered up in preparation for travel with the orientation team.

At the Stork Club, he had his table up front, center. We were led there by the captain, who "Mr. Hammetted" continually, so that other patrons would know and they did, judging by their sidelong glances. Leonard Lyons came over, said a few words.

Don L. Miller

"Bein' in Step Kinda Violates the Spirit of the Place"

We reminisced, we drank. I got a little smashed; Sam got a lot smashed. After a while, he didn't make much sense. It seemed to me he felt a lack of interest in his life.

The second time I saw Sam was when he was teaching a course in mystery writing in a radical school otherwise devoted to social studies. You may or may not remember, but during and after World War II there was a brouhaha about building a new world with liberty and justice for all.

At this time, someone, and the temper of the times, convinced me that the downtrodden of the world needed a more ballsy version of the American Civil Liberties Union. It was called the Civil Rights Congress and all that it lacked was a name that could attract public support, such as Dashiell Hammett. I was assured that he would be purely the honorary head, that he need do literally nothing. And all they wanted from me was to ask him to be on the letterhead.

Sam was the original nonorganization man, the ultra Private Private Eye, but evidently someone, and the temper of the times, had persuaded him he should lend his name and the teaching of a course in mystery-story writing to a left-wing school that was convinced the butler didn't do it—his employer did.

The building where Sam taught was crummy. Up one flight to a beat-up classroom with the kind of chairs they used to have in one-arm lunchrooms. I had timed it so that class was just breaking up. A few students clustered around Sam; I waited in the hall. When he came out, still surrounded, he looked at me a little surprised, but pleasantly.

I asked if I could see him privately for a moment. Of course. We stepped back into the classroom. I told him what was wanted of him. He said, sure. I said, thanks, and left.

You may remember that soon after World War II, the Red witch hunt began. They got hold of Sam and asked him to surrender the names of the members of his organization. Knowing Sam, I was sure he didn't know their names and didn't care to know them, but that's not what he told them. He told them he would not surrender the names. And they put him in jail.

I don't remember for how long. All I remember is that it seemed to be a helluva long time. And while he was in, I kept saying to myself that I should really go and see him. But I was so ashamed of what I had done that I didn't go.

Finally, they let Sam out of jail and by then he was real sick and I heard he went back to drinking.

The third time I met Sam was in a theatre lobby. All I could say was hello. He helloed back matter of factly.

My wife said to Sam, "I guess I should have written you."

Sam said, "Yes."

It wasn't too long after that, he died. My wife went to the funeral. I could not bring myself to go. Since then, I've argued the case with myself many times.

You can't really get people to do what they don't want to do, can you? □

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JAPAN AND THE JEWS

ALBERT AXELBANK

Even before the "Yom Kippur war," the Japanese Government was sure that, unlike the substantial pressure the Arabs could muster against Japan anytime, Israeli pressure, whether direct or indirect, would range from the ineffectual to the insignificant. Simply put, the Arabs had the oil, without which Japan's mammoth economy couldn't live; Israel had no oil and little international leverage. As a mature country accustomed to doing its homework thoroughly, Japan had compiled many surveys, including psychological ones, about Israel and the Arabs, and also about Jews in America and elsewhere. Japan's industrial giants with their overseas empires were also in the habit of ferreting out different kinds of political and sociological information, including the effectiveness of pressure groups in America. (According to *Time*, just one of Japan's industrial firms, Mitsui, whose annual sales total nearly $20 billion, is better at information gathering than the CIA.)

But the Japanese in general know little about Israel and the Jews, although they possess a deep curiosity about them. Some Japanese become nostalgic when they hear or read about the Holy Land, about Israel, or Palestine, or Arabia. A few Japanese claim that Jesus once walked on Japanese soil. A small number say they are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; a still smaller number has even converted to Judaism.

If most Japanese know little about Israel and the Jews, Prince Mikasa, a younger brother of Emperor Hirohito, is quite well informed. He was a pupil of Japan's leading Hebrew scholar, Dr. Abraham Kotsuji, who taught the Prince Hebrew and Jewish law. During the war, Dr. Kotsuji wrote a book to counter Nazi-inspired anti-Semitism in Japan. But before the war ended, he had to flee to Manchuria to save his life.

Popular interest in Jewish subjects was whetted a few years ago with the appearance of *The Japanese and the Jews* by Isaiah Ben Dasan, which became a runaway best seller with sales of more than a million copies in Japan. Actually the book revealed less about Jews than about Japanese, but a mystery surrounding the identity of the author added to the book's popularity.

It is widely held that the author is an imposter who took the name "Ben Dasan" because, if he had used his Japanese name, few persons would have rushed to the bookstores. To this day, Ben Dasan has never appeared in public, even to accept various prizes awarded to him. Nevertheless, he continues to appear in popular magazines as the "Jewish author" of many articles, some gossipy, others polemical.

The instant success of *The Japanese and the Jews* spurred the interest in Jews and Judaism, and dozens of writers, including some who had hardly touched a pen before, were quick to take advantage of this new and lucrative market, some writing about the mystical aspects of Judaism. Someone even decided the time was ripe to publish an edition of the anti-Semitic forgery, "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion," in Japanese.

Not long ago, *Asahi Shimbun*, a national newspaper with a daily circulation of 9 million, ran a series of articles about foreigners in Japan, including a separate piece on Jews. It told about the wealth of the Jewish community of several hundred, of their expensive homes, and that some of them had come to Japan thirty or forty or more years ago from China and Russia. It also alluded to the Jew's ethnocentric behavior.

Lately, Japanese newspapers and weekly magazines have given prominence to articles about alleged "Jewish business techniques." A typical article was entitled, "The Jewish Way of Making Money." When Henry Kissinger visited Japan in 1972, as the then adviser to the President, a popular magazine ran a cover story with the big headline: "Kissinger's Jewish Style of Business." The lunatic fringe also was up and about, putting posters all over Tokyo with the statement, "Kissinger the Jew Hates the Japanese."

Thousands of Japanese youths have traveled to Israel and many have lived on a kibbutz and enjoyed their experiences enough to come home and write about them. On the other hand, many youths in Japan today, particularly those of the New Left, are being drawn to the Arab cause, and it appears that they now far outnumber those who side with Israel. Some Japanese, young and old, have been adopting the Moslem religion.

One can probably believe *The Japanese and the Jews* when it suggests, in the Japanese-language edition, that the Tokyo government has compiled detailed analyses on the impact of Jews in American business, journalism and other fields. That is perhaps natural: Japanese commercial contacts with America are enormous and are expanding so rapidly that the Japanese would, indeed, be fatuous if they did not acquire the best intelligence available on every important ethnic, religious, social and political group in the United States.

Israel, it appears, knows much less about Japan, and has not been effective in molding Japanese opinion. Suffice it to say that for Israel to make veiled threats against Japan, and for certain Zionist groups to warn about economic retaliation against Japan's relations with the Arabs by having Jewish businessmen in America and elsewhere boycott Japanese goods, is calculated only to lose Japanese friends.

For years, Japanese firms complied with the Arab policy of blacklisting those doing business with Israel. Thus, two of the world's largest car makers, Toyota and Nissan, have refused to give Israel any franchise to sell their cars. But that has not hurt Toyota or Nissan sales in America, and their cars have even reached Israel through third parties. In fact, when it was alleged that Toyota might lose American customers because Tokyo's policy favored the Arabs, one Japanese automobile official pooh-poohed

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Albert Axelbank is a frequent contributor to The Nation. *He is the author of a recent book about Japanese militarism,* Black Star Over Japan (*Hill and Wang*).

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needed goals and policies to which he says he subscribes are to carry with them the force of the UMWA's 200,000 coal-field members, he and his fellow officers must lead beyond a convention gathering, no matter how rank and file and democratic it may be.

Since he has been in office, Miller has felt the need to proceed cautiously. For one thing his ascendancy to office was clearly based upon Boyle's isolation from the working miner, and Miller was properly wary of appearing to be just another elected power broker. Also, it was unclear how much lingering pro-Boyle sentiment remained after the election; might one too hasty move uncork a rebellion? That cautiousness, plus the overwhelming size of the job to be done, resulted in delay and confusion. At the same time, conflicts in personality and policy appeared among segments of the Washington staff. "We weren't just transferring leadership of a union," one staffer said, "we were effectively starting a new one. Boyle simply had this place in a deep freeze."

Many of Miller's staunchest backers felt it was taking too long to melt the ice, but for the most part miners seemed willing to give their new leadership time to put things in order. As the convention approached, though, some ominous signs appeared. Miller-backed candidates had been losing key district elections, even though it was from the urging of the MFD that the federal courts had ended UMW International "trusteeships," and ordered direct elections of district officers for the first time since Lewis ended them. Reports of dissatisfaction with the largely non-coal miner Washington staff were coming in from all parts of the coal fields. Indeed, even within the leadership, Vice President Trbovich had been making frequent criticisms about the long hair and life styles of many staffers and former MFD associates. And it seemed generally unclear whether Miller himself was exercising full leadership or whether the staff was calling the shots and, if so, which staff.

Specific issues also loomed. What demands were to be presented when the 1974 industry-union contract talks began in January? Would the union have a strike for the first time? Talk was rampant of a six-month strike, energy "crisis" or not. Then there was the question of whether International headquarters would be moved from Washington to the coal fields, as Miller had promised. The role of union pensioners and payments to them was a looming matter, as was the extent of UMW organizing in such key areas as eastern Kentucky and the developing strip-mine areas in the vast Western coal fields. With the exception of an important ongoing organizing strike in Harlan County, Ky., little momentum had been reported on the organizing front.

These and other particulars could be prepared for by staff, officers and delegates alike. Less tangible, but potentially more significant in the longer run, was the extent to which the new leadership of the United Mine Workers of America would become the promised force for long needed change in Appalachia and other coal fields. Could the Miller union develop into the social and political catalyst so many hoped for, even expected?

"I backed Miller real strong, and still do," one eastern Kentucky veteran of both union and nonunion mining said recently. He had bucked the Boyle machine, he said,

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in the hope that a Miller victory would better assure him of the union pension and federal black-lung payments he so badly needs and certainly deserves. "The union's the best hope we got in these mountains," maybe the only one. But the hope has not come through. He still has no pension from the long-bungled Welfare and Retirement Fund controlled by the UMW ("haven't even heard from them"), is getting no black-lung compensation ("seems they [the union] could send some people around instead of us going to a lawyer who will take a third of whatever we get") and he, like an uncertain number of others, has started looking at Miller not with hostility or hard suspicion—but some well-trained doubt.

This eastern Kentuckian couldn't get to Pittsburgh for an eleven-day convention, but he is looking toward it with great interest. Of course, he and others realized that conventions are not a likely forum for effective or long-lasting initiatives. Nonetheless, he was hoping that out of Pittsburgh would come at least an indication that the MFD slogan, "Let's make the UMWA great again," would mean him too.

A whole new tone to things was added by the fuel crisis. Not since the days of Lewis' challenges to Roosevelt in World War II was a union—and its leadership—in a better position to flex muscle. Was Miller prepared to do so? The UMW president's opening State of the Union address gave indications that in fact the momentum of the MFD drive had translated itself into International policy.

Miller said that UMW had not only survived "the challenge of democracy" but had profited from it. He pledged continued rank-and-file control, including for the first time membership ratification of the contract coming up. As for the goals for the upcoming negotiations, coal operators will be asked to contribute more to the Welfare and Retirement Fund. Most coal miners are in fact working for oil firms or other energy conglomerates, he noted, and these multibillion-dollar outfits "can afford to give coal miners a cost-of-living clause that will keep us one step ahead of galloping inflation." Likewise, sick pay—which the workers in America's most hazardous occupation don't have now—and a call for the six-hour day will probably be contract demands. Miners "won't have to be trained in a foreign language to understand" the contract, Miller added. It will be written "in coal miners' language."

The lack under Boyle of tough safety watchdogging by the union had been a Miller campaign issue. It is still a crucial matter, with miners suffering an injury and fatality rate up to ten times higher than the rest of the industrial work force. Eastern Associated Coal, for example, is currently killing or injuring one of every seven of its

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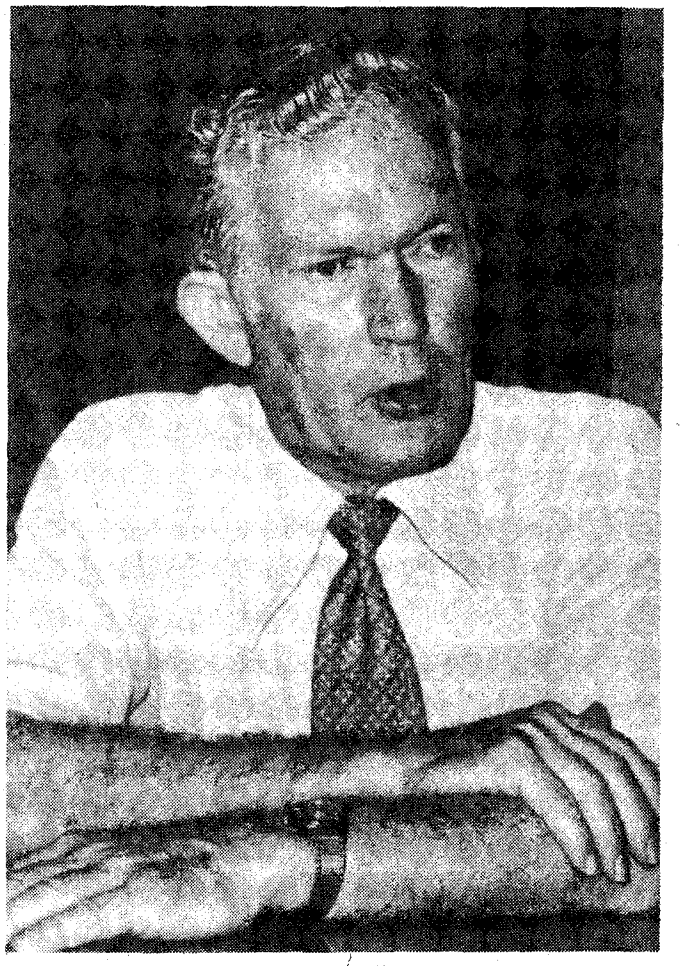

Arnold Miller

miners. The increased coal production now envisioned could mean further trouble, for in the past it has been the emphasis on production which has meant death and injury. That, Miller said, will not be permitted. "I'll make it simple and to the point. The pick and shovel days are over.

"One would think," he continued, "that a nation which can send a man into outer space for a month and bring him back safely could send a man into a coal mine for eight hours and bring him back safely too." The union will be looking for more responsible safety enforcement by state and federal agencies as well as industry.

And then the president of the United Mine Workers turned to the energy crisis. As have both industry and government officials, Miller termed coal the bedrock and best hope for the nation's energy needs. Why haven't we gone with that abundant resource? Because "for twenty years we let the oil industry determine our energy development in this country. And not surprisingly the decisions they made were very good for oil compaines," and "now the public is paying the piper."

He criticized the Nixon Administration for continuing to "allow corporate interests to dictate the nation's energy policies." That's a political problem, and Miller pledged active union efforts to do something about coal-field "politics as usual." Coal-mining families have for too long lived on top of riches in the ground while surviving with lousy schools, health and housing, Miller declared. A new UMW legislative arm—COMPAC—will act much like the AFL-CIO's COPE.

Coal has meant progress for the nation, Miller concluded "but for the miner, too often coal has meant the curse of black lung, slag heaps, rivers of acid and an early grave. Now the time has come to bring the blessings of coal not merely to the nation and the giant corporations but to the men who mine it."

Those, then, were the rhetoric and pledges with which Miller keynoted his first convention. The delegates cheered his remarks, and reporters who had gathered to cover the event filed stories marking the apparent emergence of a revitalized UMWA presence on the national scene.

But within a day or two, many of the reporters were walking the Hilton halls, desperately seeking some kind of peg on which to hang a story. For the opening day rhetoric soon gave way to the slow parliamentary plodding of rules and maneuvering. If expectations had been raised about a group of angry coal miners proclaiming their independence to a fuel-starved nation, they were quickly deflated. And notions of a floor rebellion against the Miller leadership turned out to be equally unfounded, though a few debates carried with them overtones of general disappointment.

It was, though, truly a democratic convention, and that in itself is a welcome reversal from the days of Boyle's white-helmeted goons suppressing dissidents on the convention floor. Delegates participated fully in debate—even to the point of making one weary staff member wonder aloud whether "a convention is really such a good place to try full-scale democracy."

But rank-and-file participation in itself is no guarantee of progressive action. If the Miller UMW is going to make real its stated goals, it must exercise firm and consistent leadership. On that score, the forty-sixth UMW convention stands as no strong precursor of the kind of trade union activism suggested by Miller and his followers.

In Pittsburgh, for example, surprisingly little was said about the impact of the energy situation—who causes it, who's profiting—beyond the speeches of Miller and a few other stars. Similarly, the disastrous economic policies of the Administration, not to mention its political and moral bankruptcy, were barely mentioned.

Nothing requires a reform-minded leadership to become cause messiahs among its own members when more immediate problems within the union itself call for attention. The question remains, however: can the UMW leadership use its leverage as well as the groundwork laid by a democratic convention to build a rank-and-file organization of truly democratic outlook? And is Miller willing or able to do so?

Part of Miller's problem is the same as that of other reform-minded bodies—the new UMW leadership is perhaps more progressively minded than much of its membership. What some interpret as a slowdown in UMW social leadership at the convention can be explained at least in part by a look at the composition of the delegates. In Appalachia, union miners, with an average pay of nearly $40 a day, are the coal-field middle

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class, and like middle classes anywhere social activism is not their natural attitude. Most of the several organized groups, such as strip-mining or welfare rights bodies, contain few union miners, even though such groups did much of the legwork for the MFD. Therefore, they were not at the convention, and the UMW can be fairly criticized for not providing an opportunity for them to use that stage. It is an indication of the convention's makeup that a motion to call for the resignation of President Nixon was firmly defeated, though Miller himself had been the first major labor leader to call for impeachment after the firing of Cox.

Strip mining is a good illustration of the UMW's dilemma in Appalachia. About 20,000 UMW members work on strip mines, most of them classified as nonmountainous. The future of coal may lie in the West, where strip operations of mind-boggling dimensions are poised to chew up massive chunks of such states as Wyoming and Montana. Within Appalachia, the well-documented destruction continues, with most of the work being done by nonunion workers more properly classified as construction workers than miners. And several neutral polls, such as one by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, show a clear majority of coal-mining families themselves backing an outright ban on mountain stripping.

In view of all this, Miller was asked at a press conference whether the UMW might make the obvious differentiation between area and mountain strip mining (though the former is also clearly devastating), urging a ban on mountain strip mining? Miller waffled, saying something about how reasonable people might sit down and figure something out. The answer bitterly disappointed the foes of mountain stripping, among whom it is commonly known that Miller personally does want such a ban.

Other union officials also stated that strip mines will be included in the union's planned organizing efforts. "That means the union will have a vested interest in the survival and spread of stripping," one long-time stripping foe said, adding that he'd expected "a more firm and creative approach" from Miller. In addition to its destructiveness, strip mining employs sharply fewer men to produce the same tonnage, and that means fewer miners. Indeed, a study by the Appalachian Regional Commission warns of dire employment decreases in coal mining unless stripping is abolished in favor of underground mines, which in any case recover a higher percentage of coal.

On another issue of great importance in eastern Kentucky and elsewhere, Miller appeared to be confused as to the rights of pensioners in the UMW. At a press conference, he said that he opposed letting pensioners vote on issues affecting the working miner, even though the royalty from tons mined by the union is what keeps pension checks and medical benefits coming—income which is frequently the only source of financial aid for elderly mountain residents.

When word spread of Miller's statement, a potential storm brewed. "Pensioners built this union," eastern Kentucky District 30 President Squire Feltner declared, saying they should have full voting rights. Feltner voiced a widely held sentiment, and the next day Miller addressed the convention to say that press stories of his pensioner statements were "distorted." Reporters' notes, even a tape recording, indicated that the initial reports of his remarks were in fact correct, and the alibi deeply disturbed reporters who for the most part had given Miller strong support in the long fight against Boyle. In the end, a new executive post, vice president for pensioner affairs, was created. UMW pensioners will vote to fill the nonvoting position by referendum.

On balance, though, delegates seemed content with both the convention procedure and the actions taken. Miller did have setbacks—the strike fund he had urged was defeated, with members suggesting that a dues increase of $5.25 to $12 should cover strike costs. That major rebuff will undoubtedly cause industry negotiators to suspect not only Miller's control over his union but also the UMW's ability to survive any long strike. The defeat of the strike fund may be explained by delegates' reluctance to return home after voting for both increased dues and an assessment.

Delegates left the potentially touchy issue of moving headquarters up to Miller, with any move to be approved by the International executive board of the union. Miller had repeatedly said that he wants the main office of the union located in the coal fields, probably in West Virginia.

It is too soon to assess Miller's relative strengths. Many miners look to his handling of the upcoming contract negotiations as the most reliable indicator of his and his staff's abilities. What is clear is that the UMW ran a basically democratic convention, as promised. It reached a pinnacle in rank-and-file participatory unionism. With that accomplished, it remains to be seen whether the UMW will resume its position in the forefront of labor-backed social initiative.

The reaction of the miners to two speakers in particular may give some sense of the potential of a rank-and-file coal miners' union. One speaker was Cesar Chavez. Some UMW staff members were privately apprehensive about delegate response to this most famous of Chicano leaders, a man clearly linked to an array of poor people and Left-oriented causes. But the ovation Chavez received was spontaneous and loud, backed by some $2,000 quickly collected by passed hat for the California war against the Teamsters. Chavez's fight is not unlike the bloody battles that built the UMW itself—and the miners clearly understood him.

Then there was James Matles, secretary-treasurer of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America (UE). It's doubtful that more than a handful of delegates had ever heard of him, but Matles had them on their feet roaring when he put a little fire on and told the miners that the only way to get the country out of its current mess is for labor people to "get off their duffs" and become active again.

For Arnold Miller and the United Mine Workers of America, the task now is to translate the hard-earned democracy demonstrated at the Pittsburgh convention into the badly needed social activity for which labor unions have a unique capacity. The Mine Workers have gotten off their duffs. Miller needs to make sure they don't sit down again. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Two Major Novelists All by Herself

DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL. *By Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard Press. 597 pp. $7.95.*

SARA SANBORN

A nervous doctor asks a little free legal advice. What should you do if the Attorney General is bringing suit against you? Marvin Howe, invincible trial lawyer, answers out of the abyss of his experience with criminality. You have the same choice you would have in a suit brought by God himself: "Plead *nolo contendere* and hope for a very sharp ax." *Nolo contendere*—"Do with me what you will."

God, the Law, the death sentence imposed on all men and stayed or executed by other men, guilt and innocence, power and subjection, the saving or murderous pull between men and women are the concerns of this huge novel. It is a novel of force, of natural forces. It moves toward its conclusion like a glacier; sometimes slowly, always inevitably, and the spectacle is awe-inspiring.

The story is that of Elena Howe, "Elena the Queen of Sleep," and her awakening into "criminality." Three times in her life, Elena dares to venture outside of innocence. The first time she is 7 years old and crawls under a schoolyard fence dragged from its posts and held off the ground by her crazy father, who kidnaps her for a stumbling, cross-country odyssey that leaves her nearly dead of neglect in a dingy rooming house in San Francisco. She is worth dying for, her father swears, but it is Elena who almost dies. Ardis, the hungry and driving mother who retrieves her from the welfare hospital, promises, "Nothing will ever happen to you again." During the dreamlike years that follow, while she is set before mirrors and cameras for the reflection of her incredible blonde beauty, Elena assuages her panic with the magic phrase: "Nothing will happen." Mirrors, cameras, tape recorders—devices for mediating experience—are the controlling images of the novel, and Elena is the Lady of Shallott who sees only in a glass, never face to face.

She loved the drunken, driven man who cut across her childhood like a disease and left her half alive; a few years after the kidnapping, she is unable to distinguish between the words "afraid" and "ashamed." At 17, she awakens momentarily from her beautiful, marble sleep in the presence of Marvin Howe, savior of homicidal husbands and wives. In answer to a question from the others at the night-club table as to whether his acquitted client was guilty, Howe explains patiently:

> There are no guilty people. The law establishes their guilt, it establishes whether they have violated a law, the decision becomes a matter of public record and you can look it up.

Elena asks falteringly, "Everyone is the same? Everyone is innocent? . . . Not just the bad people, but the people they do it to . . .? I mean the victims. . . . They're innocent too . . .?"

Ardis has planned to marry Elena to a third-rate racketeer, but Howe determines to have her. First he taps the mother's telephone and has them both followed for several months. Ardis refuses to allow him "access" to her daughter until she is satisfied with his offer. Men seek "access" to Elena as if obtaining right of way to a body of water, and that is how she thinks of herself. Howe draws up an elaborate and unbreakable marriage contract (there are to be no children) and establishes Elena in his baronial mansion, imported and rebuilt stone by stone in Detroit. There he calls her three times each day; she dresses her waist-length hair and reads the letters addressed to her by his vindictive mistresses around the country; and she counts ten sailboats on the lake each morning as a promise that there will be no danger that day.

Elena is compassed about with protectors, those who want to feed on her unearthly beauty and her utter lack of involvement with the world of exigency and contingency, mortality and decay. One day, back in California, she walks away from a secluded estate and a bodyguard, wearing another woman's clothes, to telephone a young lawyer whose name she does not know and summon him to San Francisco. Her crime is adultery and she knows she should die—if only someone will kill her like all of the beautiful strangled women in the newspapers.

Jack Morrissey, her lover, calls himself a "nigger lawyer"—and not even a high-class one because he is white. He loves to fight and win for self-confessed rapists and thieves caught with the goods; he loves to defend the guilty, because the best he can get for the innocent is what they deserve. He can't defend, can't even tolerate the innocent.

> Uh. . . . You going to make a deal with them, then?
>
> I don't have to make a deal. . . . She has to testify against you, and she has to convince a jury that she didn't deserve to be followed by you, that she didn't entice you, she didn't smile at you. She has to convince a jury that she didn't deserve whatever happened to her. . . .

Morrissey learned his art from Marvin Howe, seduced on the witness stand as a boy by Howe's power to create the exonerating myth, the way that everything must have happened, his miraculous power to take away guilt. The trancelike purity of Elena maddens Morrissey. She is the Unmoved Mover, like her namesake in *Faust* a beautiful vision forever untouchable. She is "a dead thing," he finally shouts at her. Morrissey understands guilt and loves it. Howe rejects the entire category of guilt, and nearly strangles Elena to save himself from sinking in corruption. Finally, at last, knowingly, Elena walks away again from her deadly safety, determined to embrace desire and crime, to be "selfish . . . evil [and] adult." She will reach for what she wants and fight for it. This, she decides, is what men do.

Oates herself has described this novel as treading the path between two traditional American "ways," the way of Law and the way of Romance. It is a good description, as far as it goes. Morrissey's wife Rachel, a fiercely deliberate and knowledgeable romantic, carries one strand of the theme. Rachel seems incapable of loving, only of smearing herself like a slogan over the public domain: "Make love not war." She and her political friends ignore Jack when he begs them to take a little care of the law. Mered Dawe, radical lover of the world entrapped into touching a marijuana cigarette by a police agent, is an incorrigible innocent who defeats Morrissey's efforts to hammer out victory in the courts. Romance versus the austerity of the legal system provides the basic conflict. But the legal system itself is vul-

Sara Sanborn's reviews and articles have appeared in Commentary *and* The New York Times.

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nerable to romance in the shape of the public happy endings dictated by American myths.

We must cherish the law and protect it, Marvin Howe insists—it is what we have now instead of God, the only source of divinity. Both lawyers in this book are lords of creation; they shape characters out of common clay for a brief hour on the stage. They know their clients better than the wretches know themselves. They demand total subjection and truth, and in return they create their clients' histories, memories, experiences, personalities. The purpose is the new redemption, wresting from the arbiters in the jury box a verdict of Not Guilty, "the greatest gift you can hand another human being." But the greatest gift, paradoxically, that Elena's father and Morrissey, her lover, hand her is that of being guilty.

Oates has explored themes of guilt, innocence and victimization before; no one knows as much as she does about the relentless energy with which adults use children to save themselves. Here the theme is carried further. Far into her adult life, everyone wants to use Elena as profane object or sacred symbol; she sees in the eyes of men in the streets their imagination of the things they could do to her. In her fascination with the things that are done to women and children, Oates brings the fearful closeness and power of the Victorian novel into contemporary fiction. Indeed *Do With Me What You Will* extends a line that begins earlier still, with *Clarissa Harlowe*, and runs from *Daniel Deronda* through *Portrait of a Lady* (with a beautiful sport in *Lolita*), the story of women captured by powerful men backed by the forces of society. Unlike such nice American girls as Carol Kennicott of *Main Street* and the many mad housewives of today, these women are not trapped by the obviously inferior spirit of the times and the neighbors but by their own impulses and the devouring determination of the people closest to them.

For her emphasis on self-seeking ferocity we call Oates "Gothic," but she is perhaps better understood as a contemporary heir of the Great Tradition. Like Austen, Eliot, or James in their various ways, but with a gift for violence, she aligns the moral and the social. There is in her books a heaviness, density and pressure that we are not much accustomed to. Her characters are not people we easily identify or identify ourselves with, but something near to archetypes—people placed at the breaking points of society and carrying the strain in themselves. She has a tendency to announce her themes on brazen trumpets; whenever the word "innocence" appears in this novel, it seems to be in metaphysical bold face. Flannery O'Connor thought it necessary to exaggerate in order to draw anyone's attention to ontological issues, and perhaps Oates faces the same necessity. Her themes are always in the major key, imposing, and they are always thickly imagined in the minds and senses of the characters.

At times it seems that there is too much in this book, too many words and ideas; Oates leaves nothing unattended to. The novel is like Marvin Howe's warehouse, crammed with the possessions of his murderous clients, from priceless antiques to personal photographs—"We won. But they had to sign everything over to me." At times it seems that too many implications are started with hunting horns but not pursued to the end. But as the book moves on its way, gathering in, churning under, and offering up again everything in its path, it achieves necessity. Finally, everything in this book belongs, everything matters.

The novel has its flaws, like most big efforts, but they are scarcely worth discussing next to its achievement. Commentators on the sad state of our culture frequently refer to the fact that we have so few major novelists. Let Joyce Carol Oates count for two. □

Health Care Via the Market

THE CASE FOR AMERICAN MEDICINE: A Realistic Look at Our Health Care System. *By Harry Schwartz. David McKay Co. 256 pp. $6.95.*

MILTON I. ROEMER, M.D.

This apologia for the American health-care system is an effectively written array of facts (and numerous nonfacts). The distorted interpretations drawn from these are evidence of the author's profound incomprehension of the elementary principles of modern health service and of social equity. In the past, other journalists, such as James Rorty, Richard Carter, Fred Cook or Ed Cray, have written in a popular vein, exposing the deficiencies in American health service and promoting improvements, their arguments and use of statistical data grounded in a reasonable conception of the principles of 20th-century medicine. This book, however, is so out of touch with those principles, so full of misconceptions, half-truths, and crude examples of naïveté, that it demands detailed examination, chapter by chapter, if the reader is not to be seriously misled; that is, the author's misapprehension of the condition of our system of health care must be exposed so as to minimize the damage it is capable of doing.

The book starts with an ostensible overview of the American medical system, designed to prove that it has been maliciously slandered by politicians and others who have the childish notion that health care is a right. It abounds in such meaningless formulations as "Most Americans have access to this system and millions use it every week," or "No medical system provides immortality, and all human beings eventually die." But how many are "most Americans"—51 per cent? And at what ages do those mortals eventually die? Harry Schwartz makes much of the high proportion of persons covered by voluntary hospital insurance, ignoring entirely the long and bitter opposition to this movement by the American Medical Association (which has applauded this book) until the tide in its favor became overwhelming. He repeats the clichés about hypochondriacal patients, who are somehow acceptable among the affluent but not among poorer families protected by insurance. Schwartz discovers what every socially minded doctor has known and emphasized for centuries—that living conditions affect health—but the use to which he puts the discovery is to offer it as an excuse for deficiencies in medical care. Again and again throughout his contentious chapters, the author seems unaware of the fact that about 85 per cent of medical costs (for hospitalization, surgery, laboratory tests, prescriptions, etc.) follow from decisions of the doctor rather than the patient.

Chapter Two tells us about America's great progress in health status, ignoring the fact that most of that progress has been achieved through public health measures in which the private-enterprise medical system has played no part—when it was not in active opposition. It explains our relatively high infant mortality rates with the tiresome defense that they are due to nonmedical (i.e., environmental) factors, and to our large and heterogeneous population. However, if environment, reflected by the nation's wealth, were the main determinant of this index, we should have much the lowest infant death rate in

Milton Roemer is professor of the Health Services Administration at the University of California, Los Angeles. He is the author of eight books and many articles on the social aspects of medicine.

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the world, instead of being bettered by about fifteen nations of lower per capita income. Mr. Schwartz fails to notice the comparatively poor American record of life expectancy, which reflects much more significantly the availability of health service at *all* age levels. He finds no justification for the admission, on the part of a conservative White House, that the nation faces a health crisis—missing the whole point of this rhetoric as a goad toward action to cope with the enormous problems of costs, access and quality of health care.

Only in Chapter Three can one find some validity in the author's argument, for here he questions whether there is really a shortage of doctors. Many of the so-called bureaucrats whom he condemns agree with him, but the solution lies in precisely the direction that they advocate—planning so that we will have more primary doctors and fewer surgeons. Also, there is little doubt that much medical work could be delegated to less elaborately trained health workers, but this requires organization of health teams, which Schwartz opposes. He also fails to take account of the decades over which the AMA opposed any increased output of doctors, an expansion that has finally occurred and that he now applauds. Then, of course, there are the thousands of graduates of foreign medical schools, whose permanent movement to the United States the author defends in the interest of freedom of mobility, ignoring the far more desperate health needs of the countries from which they come. The author suggests that an oversupply of doctors, like an oversupply of hospital beds, would lead to the performance of much lucrative but unnecessary service—a strange position for a defender of the integrity of the medical profession and a champion of the wisdom of the unseen hand of market economics. This reviewer agrees with Schwartz that excessive supply of medical resources does indeed lead to unnecessary servicing, but that is precisely because of the corrupting effects of the private profit incentives of American medicine.

Rising medical costs are examined in Chapter Four. The author assures us that all is now well in that department since Mr. Nixon's Phase One "new economic policy" put a ceiling on spiraling charges. His "End of the Medical Cost Explosion" (as the chapter is called) makes such elementary errors as comparing hourly wages in industry with doctor's fees, rather than doctor's incomes. He gives no data on the exorbitant annual net earnings of physicians and dentists. Most of all, he ignores the inordinately high proportion of gross national product (about 8 per cent) spent on health care in America for lesser amounts of needed service than other countries get for much lower shares of their national output.

The chapter called "Paying for Medical Care" spends most of its hostile text on analysis of the difficulties of Medicare and Medicaid, overlooking the fact that the statutory requirements of those major laws were designed not to disturb the American private fee system. The growth of all sorts of "third-party payments" for medical care (mentioned approvingly earlier) is seen here as a major source of our current problems. Why? Because social financing has tended to remove medical service from the beneficent controls of the marketplace, where the price tag determines demand. The most predatory commercial insurance carriers do not go so far as Schwartz, who calls for a law that would prohibit health insurance from paying "the first few days of hospitalization." The writer's ignorance of concepts of preventive medicine, of the value of prompt medical care, and his sublime disregard of the discrepancy between need and buying power is hard to believe. His disdain for the basic principles of social insurance, applied by every industrialized nation on earth, is matched by his naïveté about the handicaps of general revenue financing, as illustrated by the poor conditions in government hospitals and the other glaring examples of a starved public sector in a free-market economy. The solution is obviously not less public spending and less planning for health but more of both.

Perhaps the most vulgarly distorted chapter is that on health maintenance organizations (HMOs), which Schwartz dismisses out of hand as dealing in "illusion." After the patronizing admission that "Kaiser-Permanente is a remarkable achievement," he proceeds to argue that maintenance may be O.K. for "automobile health," but not for human beings. He pontificates upon the high use of analgesics and tranquilizers in prepaid group practice, omitting to mention their still higher use in private solo practice. He attributes the lower hospital utilization in HMOs, based on salaried group practice, largely to their enrolling "healthier" population groups, and their lower net costs solely to the concealment of huge out-of-plan expenditures by dissatisfied members—two assertions that a number of studies, and our own extensive research at the University of California, have demonstrated to be the exact opposite of the truth. He implies that federal regulations would "force" people to join HMOs, something none of them does, whether among those currently in force or those pending in Congress; he takes no cognizance whatsoever of the provisions in the major bills on quality surveillance of all HMOs. Most important, Schwartz does not consider the strong evidence, long accumulated, that the health status of populations served by existing HMOs, despite their handicaps, is significantly better (in terms of mortality rates, disability rates and patient satisfaction) than that of matched populations served by private doctors in the open market.

The "Lessons from Abroad" which Schwartz draws for our benefit in Chapter VII are predictable. Of course, the Swedish or British or other European systems have their problems, but the solutions—as European health scholars agree—lie in their organizational extension, not their contraction. Britain's hospital beds have been little expanded under pinch-penny Tory governments for twenty-five years, but even so, there are more general beds per 1,000 under that system than under ours, and opinion polls show the National Health Service to be the most popular social program the country has ever had. The British Medical Association also substantially supports it. The century-long trend in Europe, under all political parties, has been toward expansion of coverage, benefits and planning of these social insurance programs.

Schwartz's solution to America's health problems, presented formally in the last chapter (and implied throughout) is: more hygienic living and catastrophic sickness insurance. No one can disagree with the benefits of exercise, diets that are lower in fats, and pollution control (which last requires more public planning). But the catastrophic insurance approach flies in the face of everything we have learned about medical economics and health science. This concept, or "major medical expense" indemnity insurance, pushed by the private carriers for years, has contributed demonstrably to the inflation of medical costs and the multiplication of services of dubious value; it would do so on a larger scale if turned into national law. More important, it would do nothing to encourage preventive service and earlier diagnosis for either rich or poor—the kind of medicine which makes most sense for saving both lives and dollars. This is all aside from the question of equity, services in relation to human needs, in spite of any sliding scale of "deductibles" that the actuaries devise.

Small wonder that *The Case for American Medicine* has been enthusiastically applauded by the conservative medical establishment. (The California Medical Association offers it at a 33

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per cent reduced rate—including tax and postage—to its affluent members because "each physician should have this book on his shelf to help refute critics of health care.") Using the statistics of social investigators but quite misunderstanding their meaning, the book pleads essentially that we turn the clock back and entrust health to the vagaries of the marketplace. All the old saws about the impersonality of large organized health systems, ignoring the qualitative deficiencies and indeed the impersonality of most private solo practice, are paraded out repeatedly. An occasional concession to the concept of meeting human needs, e.g., by sending young doctors into the slums and ghettos for a period of service, is offered to reinforce the central *laissez-faire* argument. Fortunately, the tide of social progress in health has overcome obfuscations before, like those of Harry Schwartz, and we may expect that reasonable responses to America's serious medical care problems, through national legislative and other efforts, will emerge in the coming years. The sooner the better. □

America, Texas and Fire Island

THE FOURTH ANGEL. *By John Rechy. The Viking Press. 158 pp. $5.95.*

THE HOOKMEN. *By Antoni Gronowicz. Dodd, Mead & Co. 272 pp. $6.95.*

FORGETTING ELENA. *By Edmund White. Random House. 184 pp. $5.95.*

SIMON KARLINSKY

A fiction writer who deliberately aims to shock and startle his readers inevitably saddles himself with the problem of built-in obsolescence: one literary generation's shock is the next generation's weary shrug. Was it only ten years ago that John Rechy published *City of Night*? Today, the book's central character, the peripatetic stud hustler, encased in his armor of emotional detachment and terrified of admitting his true sexual orientation, seems like a creature out of another era. By 1964, Rechy's revelations about the American homosexual subculture were eclipsed by the appearance of Hubert Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, a book that explored some of the same territory with savage power and with far greater universal applicability. The hero of James Leo Herlihy's *Midnight Cowboy* and of the film derived from it may have been prettified and sentimentalized, but he was multidimensional in ways that made him more human and far more interesting than Rechy's observant but shadowy drifter. The more successfully realized portions of *City of Night* dealt with emotional sterility and with the compulsive search for fleeting sexual gratification; Rechy's later novel *Numbers* (1967) zeroed in on these two themes to the exclusion of any other human or literary dimension, with the result that its characters behaved like galvanized dead insects and possessed about as much warmth or depth. The writer of *Numbers* seemed to have entered a hopeless blind alley.

As it turns out, he hadn't. *The Fourth Angel*, John Rechy's latest novel, is an entirely new departure for him. Rechy has situated his story of a few days in the lives of four disoriented and tormented 16-year-olds (three boys and the girl who is the group's leader) in his own hometown of El Paso, Tex. The characters' emotional need of one another, their sense of having been deprived of their childhood (which they can recapture only on acid and mescaline—the book contains some of the most detailed and knowledgeable descriptions of how psychedelic drugs work that we have), and the cruel games they play with one another and with strangers are all woven into an oddly affecting narrative, set against the background of evolving hip culture as it exists in America today. Much of the book is written with an intensity and a driving originality that seem new in Rechy's work. The overall effect is somewhat weakened by the simplistically Freudian explanation in the last chapter that *all three* boys owe their emotional difficulties either to rejection by or loss of their mothers, while the girl had been traumatized by her father. Equally unconvincing are the games of mutual humiliation à la *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* or *Boys in the Band* (find out your friend's dark secret and use it to make him squirm, then the friend gets to do the same to you), which Rechy forces his characters to play. But, by and large, we meet a different and more interesting John Rechy in this book, one with newly sharpened powers of observation and an expanded emotional range. Where he used to go in for rubbing his readers' noses in *Mondo Cane* pseudo-revelations, he now takes them on a tour of his juveniles' believably constructed private hell. It is hard to predict whether or not *The Fourth Angel* will become as dated as *City of Night* in another ten years. Right here and now, however, it is eminently worth reading.

While Rechy's novel limits its purview to four Texan teen-agers, Antoni Gronowicz's *The Hookmen* aims at nothing less than the exposure of the power structure of present-day America. As discovered by Gronowicz's hero, a refugee Polish pianist and writer, the country is caught in the grip of a powerful clique of sinister millionaires. These people consume lavish seven-course dinners served with fifty-year-old whiskey, are married to women with names like Leoparda and Columbina, and keep their funds invested primarily in railroad stock. Well, yes, Amtrak seems to be doing fairly well these days and it *is* hard to get a reservation on an Oakland-to-Chicago train, but a post-Kennedy America run by railroad magnates? For a few pages one hopes this will be a clever satire of the American financial plutocracy; goodness knows, there should be enough to satirize in these days of Watergate. The hope is quickly dashed: Gronowicz's America comes from some antiquated Viennese operetta, possibly Kálmán's *The Duchess from Chicago* of 1928, and his satirical manner is identical with that of Eastern European lampoons of Wall Street sharks in propagandistic plays and novels dating from the cold-war period.

Gronowicz's insight into American realities can perhaps best be exemplified by the beginning of the menu for one of the book's sumptuous repasts: "For starters we had fresh fruit cup, mixed olives, fenouille, salted nuts and Maryland diamondback terrapin soup." Just how are we to believe a writer's grasp of facts, *any* facts, when he confuses celery sticks with fennel, which he knows only by its French name and a misspelled one at that? His ear for spoken English is also shaky on occasion. When a supposedly American girl says to her friend: "I beg of you, Tessa, this is getting monotonous. We are waiting much too long," one yearns to transpose this sequence of words back into Polish (*"Ale prosze ciebie, Tesso, to sie staje nudne. Czekamy juz za dlugo"*) where it all sounds far more comfortable and idiomatic.

Forgetting Elena, Edmund White's first novel, utilizes a marvelously fresh and inventive narrative device right from the very beginning: an amnesiac young man gradually realizes that he is caught

Simon Karlinsky is professor of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the University of California, Berkeley, and editor and annotator of Letters of Anton Chekhov *(Harper & Row).*

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in a cross fire of several contending coteries who battle for dominance in a closely knit little social group on a summer resort island. The narrator-hero is eager to please his hosts and to do the socially accepted thing, but he has no idea of his own status within the group and he has forgotten the code for distinguishing the desirable from the reprehensible in that particular milieu.

The somewhat fantastic island on which the action is set is easily identifiable as New York's own Fire Island, with its highly stylized rites, charades and inbred snobberies ("Fire fire who?" is the refrain of the song heard at various parties the novel describes. Who, indeed?). But what might at first seem to be merely a witty parody of a particular subculture's foibles and vagaries actually turns out to be something far more serious and profound. In a sequence of three stunning chapters (Chapters II-IV) the hero is made to tote loads of pine needles in a wheelbarrow, not knowing whether this is a rare honor or a humiliating punishment; he joins what he thinks are two fellow outcasts for a stroll on the beach, only to realize that this has made him a member of the most fashionable and sought-after in-group on the island; and a mysterious woman explains to him the mechanisms for achieving social ascendancy. These chapters present us with nothing less than a semiology of snobbery, its complete sign system. White's analysis of the drives and pressures common to *all* groupings, cliques and coteries which are based on the presumption of the members' superiority to the rest of mankind is as revealing and thorough as the one performed by Roland Barthes on the ways in which fashion works in his ground-breaking *Système de la mode*.

"We all know that human emotions are banal," the hero's female mentor, whose significance is revealed only in the book's fairy-tale-like surprise ending, teaches him; "that only a handful of motives exist (lust and greed and particularly vanity); and even fewer sentiments—notably love, fear and hate—which form at that an extremely unstable triad in which any element may transmute in an instant into any other." As Edmund White gradually unravels for us the emotional disguises his islanders resort to in order to throw a cloak of elegance over the starkness of their basic drives, he is as attentive to significant social minutiae as Jane Austen was in *Emma*, as surrealistically inventive in contrasting his characters' social masks and their true selves as Gogol was in "Madman's Diary" and "The Nose," and as geometrically precise in his disposition of dissimilar characters, landscapes, objects and emotions as Robbe-Grillet was in *Jealousy*. These varied predecessors come to mind while reading this or that portion of *Forgetting Elena*, but actually the novel owes little to any of them. Under its surface guise of a mocking, light-hearted comedy of manners, decked out in a style of almost balletic buoyancy, *Forgetting Elena* is an astounding piece of writing—profound, totally convincing and memorable.

Each of the three novels under review offers the reader a vision of America. John Rechy's is limited in scope and restricted to a particular locale, age group and moment in history. Within those boundaries, his vision is vivid and sharply focused. Antoni Gronowicz offers cardboard cutouts which he tries to pass off as the country and its people. But these cutouts were produced in another era and shaped by an alien sensibility. They are unconvincing as either reality or fantasy, and they lack the cosmic banality that could raise them to the level of Pop art. Edmund White seems to be engaging in a satirical examination of a specific subculture in a definite geographical location, but before he is done he has produced a parable about the nature of social interaction that transcends any given period and applies to the human predicament at large. To write of momentous and metaphysical matters in a light and graceful manner has almost become a lost art. It is refreshing and gratifying to encounter a new American novelist able to revive it. □

The Word Testifies for the Dead

THE OATH. *By Elie Wiesel. Translated by Marion Wiesel. Random House. 283 pp. $7.95.*

DANIEL STERN

It is fifteen years since a slim volume by a Hungarian refugee living in Paris was published by Editions de Minuit. It was called *La Nuit* and it carried an introduction by François Mauriac. It is undoubtedly the single most powerful literary relic of the holocaust. There followed a series of books that may be, collectively, the most sustained artistic embodiment of the act of bearing witness in modern times. Novels such as *The Town Beyond the Wall* and *The Gates of the Forest* directly treated of the holocaust and its immediate aftermath: the reproach of the dead, the indifference of the outside world, the guilt of the survivors. *Legends of Our Times*, not as well known as other books of Elie Wiesel but one of his best, presented the same theme in shorter forms: "The Wandering Jew," one of the outstanding stories in that book, suggests the tone of the entire collection (better titled in the French edition, in which it is called "*Le Chant des Morts*," Song of the Dead). In this book, the quintessential Wiesel protagonist wanders restlessly, pursued by demons, the voices of the dead always in his ears. But more particularly, he is the final witness of the time, because the time has done its worst to him and he has, almost against his will, survived it. His response to sympathy is often laughter; his response to indifference is a silence that masks a reproach so weighty that it would be wasted on men. It must make its way to heaven, and demand an answer—and it rejects that answer.

The Accident, an early book, carried the first introduction of a theme that was to sound often thereafter, the question of hope after the holocaust. The refrain from Eliot is appropriate here: "After such knowledge/What forgiveness?" The possibilities of forgiveness, the author suggests, are manifold: forgiving oneself for having lived while others died; forgiveness for the world which looked on—which always looks on—while the victims are destroyed; forgiveness for the amnesiac God who seems often to forget his promises to his creatures, and not least to the Children of Israel.

This theme is developed in one of the most lyrical of Wiesel's books, *The Gates of the Forest*. Here Wiesel's Wanderer, in a startling scene set in a Hasidic community in Brooklyn, achieves the first steps toward regaining a faith lost in the forests of Hungary. Thus far the process of bearing witness has been essentially a passive one, looking backward to what has happened—preventing what Wiesel has called the second crime: the crime of forgetting. Then, in his sixth book, *The Jews of Silence*, published in 1966, the author brought to a still indifferent world the news of the anguish of Soviet Jewry. As always, it was news that everyone knew, but that everyone had managed to keep below the level of consciousness. One can forget today's victims almost as easily as yesterday's.

Daniel Stern is the author of The Suicide Academy, The Rose Rabbi *(both McGraw-Hill) and other novels.*

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In *A Beggar in Jerusalem*, the book that brought Wiesel the enormous audience he now has, the Six Day War was treated as the latest stanza in a poem of history being written in collaboration—by Jew and Gentile, by God and man, and by man and woman. The novel shows Wiesel's strength in merging the historical sense with a sense of the mystery behind historical events. No mere theory could explain the long destruction of the Jews, of which the concentration camp was only the latest instrument. An author such as Graham Greene who, like Wiesel, sustains a bitter, strangely affectionate dialogue with God and also writes political novels infused with the sadness of political failures, reserves his mystical insights for his "personal" books. The success of Wiesel's enterprise seems to be his ability to deal with the tragedy of history while remaining aware of the possibilities and limitations of personal life—in love, happiness and religious hope—in the wake of that tragedy. The scope of that vision, I believe, accounts not only for the existence of Wiesel's worldwide audience but for the intensely personal nature of that following. It's as if, by wresting hope from the bottom of the pit, he brings renewed vitality to an emotion that has long been a debased currency.

The Oath, Elie Wiesel's eleventh book and eighth work of fiction, though in the case of this writer the distinction between fiction and nonfiction is often tenuous, is both a culmination and a forward step. In the past he has always taken a historical subject—life in Auschwitz, being a fugitive from the Germans in the forests of Hungary, the Six Day War in Israel or, in *The Dawn*, an early novel, the terrorist resistance to British rule in Palestine—and imagined a mythic and mystical context for it. This book, however, presents an imagined event, the destruction of a fictional town in Central Europe, and endows it with the density, pain and irony of historical reality.

> Once upon a time, long ago, there was a small town with a mysterious past, a black stain under a purple sky. It's name in Hungarian was Kolvillag, Virgirsk in Russian and Klausberg in German. Nobody knows what the Romanians called it, or the Ruthenians, the Ukrainians and the Turks, all of whom, at one time or another, were its rulers.
>
> Don't look for it on any map, in any history book; it isn't there.

The theme is announced: this is legend. And, intensifying the sense of legend, the tale contains characters from other books by Wiesel—in particular, Moshe the madman. (He is mentioned in several of the novels, and has a tale of his own in *Legends of our Time*.)

The story weaves from the present back to the turn of the century and forward again to our own time. In the present an old man named Azriel, a survivor of the destruction of Kolvillag, is trying to distract and dissuade a young man who wishes to destroy himself. We are told few details: the boy's parents are survivors of the concentration camps. His mother has undergone the horror of being forced to save one child while leaving one to die. To that anguish the boy's own anguish is a response. Moreover, he does not know where he stands in relation to that tragedy.

The old man tells him tales of his own life, when, after leaving Kolvillag, he wandered all over Europe, burning to tell what had happened in his native town, but bound by an oath of absolute silence. The oath is still in force, and Azriel has the sense that if he could break it and tell the young man the story of Kolvillag, he might be saved. The metaphor is partly established: the Jews have in the past saved themselves as individuals and as a people by bearing witness, by passing on the word from generation to generation.

At last he does violate his oath—none can be worth the sacrifice of a life. If

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the medicine can cure, it must be tried, even if it is forbidden medicine. And, from Part Two on, we are in Kolvillag. The tale, then, is the story of a town where the Jews have been accused of ritual murder. A young town ruffian, a gentile boy named Yancsi, disappears. Gradually the tension rises, in anticipation of an event that, seemingly, no one wants or believes will happen. After all, this is the 20th century—accusations of blood rituals are medieval. The priest is cautious and does not encourage those who bring the accusation against the Jews. Throughout, Wiesel has scrupulous respect for the political realities of town life. The prefect, who is a close friend of Davidov, one of the Jewish leaders, calls him in and warns him. Davidov calls on the old Count, whose father was friendly to the Jews, and asks for his help. The priest is consulted; a favorable sermon next Sunday could ward off the approaching storm. Even a Jewish lawyer who has married a gentile woman and who no longer considers himself a Jew is asked to help. No one wants the pogrom to take place—yet no one can stop it.

Except perhaps Moshe the madman. Moshe is a sort of shaman of the village. Forty years old, somber, unkempt and haggard, Moshe has in a sense been allowed to bear the burden of madness for the rest of the community. He is the town kabbalist and seer. His idea is that he will confess to the crime and thus save the community—he will be the scapegoat for the scapegoats. And against the will of the congregation he gives himself up. When it becomes clear that even this stratagem will not work, the most startling and moving scene in the book takes place. Moshe convenes the congregation and asks the members to swear an oath. He reminds them of the Babylonian persecutions in Judea, of the butcheries throughout Central and Eastern Europe.

> Yet one man had always remained behind, miraculously unscathed, one man who saw and recorded everything: the sorrow and the fury on one side, the indifference on the other. This Jewish memory not only robbed the executioner of his final victory, it haunted and punished him by reminding him of his crimes and citing them as examples and warnings for the benefit of mankind present and future.

His visionary scheme is an attempt to end the eternal problem of Jewish suffering. The weapon will be silence. The Jews have been mankind's heart and memory for too long. This time, when their enemies slaughter them, no one will tell of it. The chain of centuries will be broken. A mad plan—but is it any madder than the situation it hopes to remedy?

This is the high point of this most passionate book. Even the pogrom, which is described without sentimentality, is not as striking. Azriel, then a young boy, escapes from Kolvillag, carrying with him the *pinkas*, the record of their lives that his father had kept all his life. And, as an old man, he breaks the oath, and Moshe's plan is undone. He tells the young man the story of Kolvillag—this book—and, having received the story, the young man no longer has the right to choose to die. As for Azriel, he no longer needs to live.

The artistic journey from *Night* to *The Oath* is the journey from autobiography to myth; from experience to metaphor. Thematically, Kolvillag is the once and future town. The burning of the temple in Jerusalem . . . the community of Blois, destroyed in 1171, Vitebsk in 1823 . . . the narrowly averted destruction of Tel Aviv in recent weeks. . . . The list is long and stretches from the distant past perhaps to the distant future. Of all those catastrophes *The Oath* creates an imagined emblem, Kolvillag.

The translation, by Marion Wiesel, is as fine as her English version of the author's previous book, *Souls on Fire*. Quite dramatic, too, is Elie Wiesel's involvement with the word—language as salvation. The *pinkas*, the town's daily history, is another metaphor, for the Bible, for world literature which says, with Whitman, "I was the man, I suffered, I was there." In *The Oath* the People of the Book in one sense become the Book. And by the insistence on writing down and passing on the story of what has happened to his town, to his people, the survivor adds the ethical dimension to fiction, to literature.

Someone has remarked that if the Nazis had wanted to get away with their crimes they should have devised a test to identify present and future writers—and then destroyed them. One might add that if God had wanted to be safe from the reproach of His creatures He should not have invented language.

Elie Wiesel believes, like Borges, that the world may be destroyed or saved by transmitting the word. To him man is not the tool-making animal but rather the word-bearing animal. And in words lies the possibility of truth. □

Not All Bread and Roses, Either

AMERICAN LABOR: A Pictorial Social History. *By M.B. Schnapper. Public Affairs Press. 574 pp. $15.*

ROBERT SHERRILL

This is an era when organized labor's image, to the eye of the general public, is probably an amalgam of George Meany playing golf with Republican Cabinet members; Seafarers' International Union officials entertaining a corrupt and anti-labor President; and the deposed head of the United Mine Workers trying to commit suicide rather than face trial for conspiracy to murder a rival union official.

But the full historical profile of organized labor is, needless to say, something quite different. It is craggy and majestic and tough and humane and full of gallows humor. Nothing came closer to catching the myth of "Americanism" and making it real than the labor movement from, say, 1910 to 1940. And if it has now fallen on fat and slothful times, that's all the more reason for putting the present in perspective by reviewing the past through such an excellent pictorial/essay book as this one. It is a superb job that simply cannot be praised too highly, and at $15 it is one of the bargains on today's book market.

The horrible exploitation of child labor (some of Lewis Hine's best shots) and the exploitation of new immigrants and the use of the National Guard to break strikes with machine guns and clubs—it's all here in camera work that was as direct and honest as the labor movement itself. There are 1,250 pictures. I understand that the 25,000 photos from which they were taken will become a special collection of the Library of Congress.

But one should not slight the 75,000 words. The essay material is understated. No histrionics. No tiresome "dirty capitalist" theme. Just a straightforward round-by-round description of the fight in the best balance of text and photos I have seen on any subject.

M.B. Schnapper, the compiler and essayist, runs the publishing house, Public Affairs Press, that issued this book. Public Affairs Press occasionally does a really good book, such as *The Lobbyists* by James Deakin and *Washington Exposé* by Jack Anderson (which came out before and told most of what was in the best-selling *The Case Against Congress* by Anderson and Drew Pearson).

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Schnapper, a former contributor to *The Nation*, is one of those solid but somewhat off-beat fixtures that give Washington character. Long before the the current muckraking era began, Schnapper was doing important work in trying to force the government to open its files. He was also excellent at compiling material that proved the duplicity of federal officials, and he was always generous in supplying this material to any reporters who would accept it in those days—and there weren't many.

Schnapper's career here goes back to the FDR era (he was on the staff of Roosevelt's Committee on Economic Security), and when one talks to Schnapper, or reads his books, one still catches the fine old musty hope of liberalism that came out of that never-never epoch. He is an idealist of the hyper-New Deal sort, a romanticist, and these qualities served him well in putting together *American Labor.* □

Robert Sherrill's latest book is The Saturday Night Special *(Charterhouse Books).*

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Woody Allen's *Sleeper* contains bad news for generations yet unborn: 200 years from now, the level of acting in commercial movies will be such as would shame a Friday evening drama group in any of our suburban churches. It will be protested, perhaps, that in Allen's anti-Utopia the citizens have been programmed for fatuity, but there is a difference between stupidity and stupid acting—though in either case the dramatic effect is deplorable.

The source of Allen's popularity has always escaped me; I find him a very thin slice of Harold Lloyd on rye. But, by surrounding himself in *Sleeper* with what appear to be non-theatrical and utterly humorless friends and neighbors, he does come across as bright. And, as always, he is agile. His political and social views are liberal, well within the limits of temerity, and digs at Nixon, Billy Graham, orgone boxes and macrobiotic foods draw appreciative laughter from a New York East Side audience. But it also laughs when de Gaulle is identified for the benefit of our distant descendants as a celebrated 20th-century French chef, so I would guess that this ambiguously festive season has put everyone in a mood of tense risibility. Nor is Allen's viewpoint consistently liberal. He includes a scene in which some rather large chaps flounce, bat their eyes and utter inappropriate endearments, reverting thus to the assumption that homosexuals are fair game for square derision.

The idea of the film is that Allen, a clarinetist and proprietor of a Greenwich Village health-food shop ("Greenberg Village" gets a hearty laugh) was quick-frozen in 1973 when a routine operation for peptic ulcers proved fatal, and has been illegally unthawed in 2173, because the rebellious underground of a satrapy that was once the United States is about to strike for freedom. The brotherhood needs someone whose fingerprints and other distinguishing marks are not registered in the central computer; it can also use, though this may not be so clearly recognized, an agent whose wits have not been completely smothered by big brother. Thus, in no time the picture becomes a slapstick chase, with Allen outwitting the security goons at every turn. This pell-mell pursuit is punctuated with sight gags—a hydroponic banana as big as a canoe, air-jet flying harnesses, enigmatic orbs that induce euphoria, robot cloak-and-suit proprietors who belabor each other with comic Jewish insults, and a 200-year-old Volkswagen that starts with the first turn of the key. There is also the bit about stashing said vehicle in a pool of water that turns out to be 6 inches deep. The "effects" are more elaborate than exhilarating; their major use being to slow the pace.

Love appears in the person of a right-wing lady (Diane Keaton) who composes inane verse and cultivates a pettish temper. Under Allen's tutelage she becomes a fervent member of the underground, while continuing to look sulky.

The message of the film is that one free-thinking, fast-stepping stripling of 40 or so can topple a totalitarian society. That is a cheerful idea, even though it does not score high for credibility. The film ends when the reformed versifier asks Allen what he believes in, and he replies "Sex and Death," adding that each of them occurs only once in a man's life, but death at least does not leave you nauseous (I'm quite sure "nauseous" was what he said). Without entirely grasping its philosophical content, I thought this remark rather sour and defeatist, coming from the animating spirit of a brave new world. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

An insurance executive did it. How long he had been feeling trapped behind the sealed windows of his downtown high rise no one now knows, but one day in November when the market reached another bleak low, he raised his chair (was it designed by Knoll?), heaved it through the hermetically closed pane, and dived out to the world below. With his exit ended the best argument—suicide prevention—for the dominant mode of our day: the inoperable windows of an energy-rich architecture.

Now that we are energy-poor, it is easy to see the squandering high rise as scapegoat. Our architects have not designed buildings; they have created streamlined life-support systems. The buildings are as independent of nature as an Apollo 7 on a hostile planet. Whatever aesthetic virtue critics find in the silhouette or façade, the truth of the structure is based on a steady-state atmosphere. Sealed windows, heat-draining glass, tissue-thin walls, elevators, air conditioning and excessive lighting gorge power within. The physics of height create wind tunnels without. We seal and then ventilate, overheat and then cool. There is no energy logic. "Duplications and multiplications of energy systems" are endemic, says architect Richard G. Stein, a long-time energy specialist.

Nor is tract or suburban housing any better. It sits in right-angle yards on the right-angle grid dictated by first-dollar cost. If we had followed the advice of *Design With Nature*, landscape architect Ian McHarg's late 1960s classic, our houses would turn to the sun or find the shade, settle where climate and topographical conditions dictate. We would not have to contend with plush River Oaks ranch houses sunk into a Houston swamp and untenable without air conditioning. Nor would suburb after suburb

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be unreachable without the biggest energy hog of all, the automobile.

It is estimated that one-third of all energy consumed in this country is used in buildings and, according to the *AIA Journal*, "30 to 50 per cent of this is wasted." The World Trade Center used as much power as a city of 100,000 until this winter they whittled it down a few hundred by turning out one-third of the fluorescent bulbs in unrented offices. New York's American Institute of Architects chapter is sponsoring a traveling exhibition condemning its own energy extravagance. *Architectural Forum*, no Jeremiah, scored all 20th-century architecture as prodigal. "The truth is," the trade magazine conceded in a special energy issue, "that everything which architects are doing today to help alleviate the energy shortage should have been done without it." Right now, with no sci-fi breakthroughs, we could use existing technology (like solar collectors) and conservation (like windows that open) to cut consumption a third, according to Fred Dubin, consultant for a U.S. energy demonstration project in Manchester, N.H.

That is more than turn-out-the-lights chic. We may very well be entering a new architectural era: the new energy aesthetic could dominate everything we design. Most people say it should. For, if we don't, we may face obsolete housing and cities as inhabitable as Mayan ruins. "We are building buildings good for fifty or seventy-five years, when electrical energy won't be around any more," Lewis D. Conta, dean of the College of Engineering at the University of Rhode Island, told a "Building for Energy Conservation" conference in Boston in December. "We don't really know what we're designing for," says Dubin. "We're designing in a vacuum."

These worries go beyond the flick of the thermostat, the hammering on of weather stripping, and like cocktail-party cutbacks. The issue goes to the heart of how we live, what we do. In the long run, solar power is the answer, say scientists and architectural visionaries like Buckminster Fuller. In the short run, (this next half century), we must shift our mode of architecture to reckon with nature and the elements: to store the sun in winter; to bounce it away in summer; to position buildings by wind and weather and landscape; to dim the lights; to coordinate energy needs. "The architects must change their thinking from overrunning climatic conditions with brute force, to using finesse," P. Richard Rittleman, senior associate at Burt-Hill and Associates, Butler, Pa., told the same energy conference.

For once the public and the architecture profession concur; they are simultaneously disenchanted with the buildings of America. That our architecture has been designed by the developer's balance sheet is bad enough. That the costs and benefits of that balance sheet now prove false, even within the developer's own narrow sphere of personal profit and loss, shatters the faith of the most dollar-minded. These new attitudes motivate the emerging aesthetics of energy.

Not that architects haven't for some time had grave doubts about the greedy buildings of the last decade. Bernard Rudolfsky's *Architecture Without Architects*, an exhibition and book of a few years ago, praised the natural aspects of vernacular architecture. The book is standard in design schools. No text, whether of Vincent Scully's scholarship or some coffee-table print-out, is complete without its preface on indigenous architecture—structures forced by circumstances to take advantage of the beauties of site and material nearby. From the igloo to the wigwam; from the carved-out pueblo to the canvas-covered market stall; from West Coast Missions whose thick stone walls withstand the heat, to the Lincoln log cabin whose design followed the form of the fireplace and used the materials (logs) at hand—energy consciousness is inherent in native architecture. Architecture is the age-old wish to protect humankind from unkind nature. The need to warm in winter and cool in summer is older than civilization, older than architecture. Shelter is the source and definition of architecture.

Unquestionably, however, this primal definition sank to a low level of consciousness as the 19th century gained mastery over technology. An industrial era predicated its built forms on industry. It adopted an aesthetic of the machine: the mass-produced modular form was the ideal; the assembly line would be the short cut to the tower in the sky. Architects now applaud Le Corbusier for his *brise-soleil*—the slatted window screens breaking the hot Mediterranean sun. They forget that part of his mission was based on the concept of an inexhaustible supply of energy, harnessed to save human toil. (And, lest the virtues of conservation make us proud, who is to say that this urge to end the waste of human labor was less "moral" than the new urge to end the waste of energy?)

The house as machine-for-living fitted the century now drawing to its final quarter. Manufacturers filled old-style dwellings with new creature comforts; it seemed only pragmatic to see the home itself as the collection of pipes and wires serving appliances, plumbing or heating. For a decade now any commercial home show could tell you more about U.S. architecture than a tour of award-winning structures. It did not offer fancy photos of Amagansett modern chateaux or mock-up Levittowns. The home show simply laid out long lines of appliances, of dishwashers and stoves, toilets and power lawn mowers, of electric living behind colonial façades. Schlock they were, and are. But these exhibits are also a potent symbol of Architecture, U.S.A. The rare dwelling nourishes spiritual appetites for beauty, but the average house manages to supply water and heat and power and to provide physical comfort in a way unmatched in history. Here, architects might face the fact that 90

THE LESSON

What we earned was tomorrow. The
letter of days. I used to count them
one at a time. Something was waiting
to happen. I could anticipate arrivals,
long imaginary dialogues. You would say
this, then I would answer. I have books
of words we did not use, conversations
that never transpired.

In the summer, everything became July.
The birds rode the weather and
afternoons, at the pool, I watched the water
resume its smooth rectangle, green and blue,
until the swimmers came and chopped
the surface into waves. I held a book
in my hands, reading the words, over
and over until the characters assumed a
language I could use. I learned to swim.
This is more real than denial.

Adrianne Marcus

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per cent of the landscape was designed by non-architects; that 75 per cent of the house was priced by its mechanical innards. At home, the packaged machine-for-living reigned; in the office, the high-rise tower became its big-business manifesto.

Our sudden propulsion into an era of shortages suggests radical changes in this attitude; and many who design for our world cite the architectural potential, a less profligate future, along with the sacrifice. Like the 50-mile-an-hour speed that takes some of the exhaustion out of driving, the literal and figurative dimming of lights may be a blessing. The Pan Am Building has literally lowered its lobby lights by 75 per cent and the ambience has never been better. Las Vegas' trade war of the kilowatts would certainly suffer no loss with less brilliance. The well-publicized single switches that flick "on" and "off" for whole floors of offices typify the mindless way our high rises now drain energy: name any office building that dims its wattage near the window; there is a LaGuardia Airport corridor that blares 1,200 feet of modular lighting next to 1,200 feet of corridor windows. Brightness standards, set by the manufacturers for the industry, help cause lighting to consume 6 per cent of the country's power. For years, the Society of Illuminating Engineers, which is about as disinterested as the Teamsters, has managed to persuade towns everywhere to buy the grim gooseneck poles fixed with the eerie light of their mercury vapor bulbs. Everywhere its bluish tint replaces the warmer incandescent tones of an earlier time. European cities have long managed to light the streets by lighting the architecture. Those urban streets have far more psychological brightness, not to mention drama and beauty, than do our cities lit by highway standards of illumination. Sensitivity and a new rule of the specific of lighting could only enrich our environment.

I do not think it altogether Pollyannaish, therefore, to see new grace as the corollary of a Puritan ethic of energy-saving architecture. Dubin feels he improved the design when he made power adjustments to a 175,000-square-foot demonstration building slated for the General Services Administration in Manchester, N.H. Relatively easy redesign, he says, lowered its initial need of 16.5 billion BTUs to 6.5 billion. Energy logic shaped a building with a blank wall to the north and wider windows to the south. Speaking on this season's energy circuit, Dubin told of other uses of design elements—shaded entrances, masonry to replace thin panels, operable windows, roofs that are black and absorbent in northern climates, or shiny and reflective in southern ones; design elements that vary with the season, the time of day and night, that use color, mass, any one of a thousand variables to produce a varied and unself-consciously original architecture. "A new age," Dubin said. "The shape of the buildings comes out of its uses. [What could be closer to the maxims of good design?] Here's an energy system as form-giver."

Architect Stein, fellow speaker of the season, was equally enthusiastic about the human potential of an architecture bred of scarcity. Suppose we must pick styles and surfaces by energy costs. Cor-Ten, the popular and quite attractive rusted steel, replaces an aluminum that requires three times the energy to manufacture. Obsolete building codes that say we must use twice the concrete necessary are changed. As ever, it is the hand of the designer that says whether this will be good, bad or the same. It does not mean denying ourselves glass, as was implied in a recent *New York Times* headline: "Energy Crisis May Doom Era of Glass Towers." On inspection, windowless buildings turn out to cost more to fuel than ones with windows. "All new work should be rigorously designed to use materials, space and systems well," says Stein. This means research into man's needs—for light, for heat, for humidity—and those of energy. Again, the rule of the specific could mean new individualism.

Is this too optimistic? Too sanguine in the season of the shrinking gas tank and, more seriously, of the shrinking workweek? Perhaps it is because I live in New England, because my grandmother (no New Englander) saved string, my father snapped off the lights as if that were a civic virtue, and I myself feel claustrophobia before sealed windows. Does all this make me see too much design potential, "finesse," specificity, even severity? Yet, in pure fact, I am confident that we shall spend more construction money to stop later energy waste, and that is all to the good. I hope, too, that some thought will be given to new ways of treating design upon the larger landscape: a recognition that there is a midway between the high-rise island that is a glutton for energy fuel, and the suburban islands that are gluttons for automobile fuel. There are solutions between the extremes of Manhattan and Los Angeles. Perhaps we may come closer now to these dense but livable urbanistic modes.

Of course, there are no *guarantees* for good architecture, but I cannot but hope that the conditions pressed upon us will improve the random ugliness of our physical world. "Has our fourfold increase in electric energy use in the past two decades produced a comparable increase in the quality of life?" Stein asked in *Forum*. "If not, how do we explain the path we have chosen?" The next energy-poor decade stretching into 1984 will at least give us a chance to provide better answers. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It is not easy to define the fascination that O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* exercises (Circle in the Square Theatre). When it was first produced in 1946 by the Theatre Guild I was most severe with it on "philosophic" grounds. The play appeared to be saying that it is not possible to live without deluding oneself. "Pipe dreams," as O'Neill repeatedly tells us, are necessary if we are to bear the desolate oppression of life. This I rejected as a callow pessimism.

When I saw the play again in the old Circle in the Square production under Jose Quintero's direction, I was absorbed by Jason Robards' performance as Hickey, and even more by the sense that I was myself sitting endlessly in Harry Hope's saloon and rooming house fitfully sunk in a hazy stupor. There was no "philosophy" involved, only a strange condition of morose inanition. (Perhaps that is how many of us felt in 1956.) In 1968, when I was called upon to direct the play in Tokyo (with a Japanese cast!), I resolved that the play meant that human beings cannot live without aspiration or at least a seeking after a faith. This, I supposed, was a left-handed way of asserting the positive wonder of existence.

Now that I have seen the play staged for the third time, I find myself ever more doubtful of its validity as "thought," but I have become aware of the reasons for its hold on audiences, its strength. That stems in the first place from its peculiar ambiguity. O'Neill was not actually sure of what he intended his play to "say," but he had deep feelings in regard to its people and a rich bewilderment about his own experience. On the one hand, he was like Larry, his "double" in the play, who quotes a poem by Heine which reads, "Lo, sleep is good, better is death. The best of all is never to be born," and in the play's final scene declares himself "the only real convert to death." On the other hand, O'Neill surely realized that,

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short of suicide, total negation of life is impossible. O'Neill's explanation for his inability to come to terms with the issue is in the "foolosopher" Larry's lines, "I was born condemned to be one of those who has to see all sides of a question. When you're damned like that, the questions multiply for you until in the end it's all questions and no answers." The same is true of the play.

O'Neill began with the intention of writing a melancholy, at times a sourly humorous, tribute to those he knew at a grimy dive in Fulton Street called Jimmy-the-Priest's, where, around 1912, he lived at a rent of $3 a month among all sorts of derelicts, whom in retrospect he thought the best friends he had ever had. These personages give the play graphic color, and though their characterization does not progress much in the course of the proceedings, they remain indelibly incised in our memory. (Robert Edmond Jones emphasized this aspect of the play in the original production by setting all its people before us in frieze formation.) But O'Neill could not write about them for merely descriptive purposes; he had to view them in the perspective of his own perpetual quest for larger meaning and through them to express what agonized him personally.

There are consequently layers upon layers of semi-autobiographical references. Hickey's story of how tormented he was by his wife's constant forgiveness of his misdeeds, the ambivalence of his love for her, the incapacity to bear his guilt which leads him to kill her, is a shadow and echo of O'Neill's own marital embroilments. And young Parritt's frantic wish to be judged, absolved or punished, for the sin of having betrayed his mother, is a projection of O'Neill's self-lacerating suspicion that he resented his own mother as much as he loved her.

All this gives the play a density, an emotional force, a brooding grip on our sensibilities, awakening in its audiences all sorts of hidden sources of disquiet and motives for introspection. But the play presents no serious themes to the *mind*; so far as its formally presented ideas are concerned, I still believe it to be not only unsatisfactory but immature. The least "speculative" of O'Neill's plays are his best. And *The Iceman Cometh*, in its own way wonderfully constructed, infused with an all-pervasive mood, sardonic and subjectively powerful, has about it a monumental gravity which cannot fail to impress.

The new production is not very "Irish"—and the Irish or ethnic element here, as in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, is inescapable—but it is not as important as some might think. There are a few good performances as well as several well-staged moments, but the main flaw is that, partly because of the theatre's oblong shape, there is little gradation of stress or concentration on the central focuses of action and interest in Theodore Mann's direction: we do not know what is more and what less crucial in the play's development. Then, too, a salient feature of the drama, the relationship between Parritt, who desperately desires his "father figure" Larry's acquittal or condemnation along with Larry's struggle to maintain his determined neutrality in this crisis—and his equally passionate sense that Parritt should pay for the crime of turning his politically subversive mother over to the police—is especially weak in its direction and in the playing of the role of Parritt.

James Earl Jones begins well as the glad-handed salesman Hickey, though something about his physical bulk and his sweeping energy militates against the nervous "lightness," a brittleness of human composition which is very much part of Hickey's personality. Stefan Gierasch as Harry Hope acts well in detail—though utterly European in quality—but seems somehow small and inconsequential in the overall picture. Michael Higgins, also right in particulars, is not sufficiently centered in the staging and fabric of the whole, especially through the inadequate acting of his opposite number, Parritt. David Margulies admirably performs his limited task as an anarchist of foreign origin whose anti-capitalist sloganizing masks an "aristocratic" and dictatorial bent. Lois Smith uses an odd, still unidentifiable, and perhaps unnecessary mode of speech, but brings her natural charm to the role of a tart who hankers after marriage. Whatever faults may be found in the cast are in general less damaging to the production's total effect than the dispersal of its parts. For all that, if you are not familiar with the play you should see it now.

The Chelsea Theatre Center (Brooklyn Academy of Music) is currently presenting a special version of *Candide* with most of Leonard Bernstein's score, lyrics by Richard Wilbur, Stephen Sondheim and John Latouche, and a new and sometimes comic adaptation by Hugh Wheeler. It makes for a cutely jocose evening which is perhaps the only way Voltaire's keen irony can be treated in the theatre.

Entirely without "serious" content, this *Candide* must be seen in a holiday spirit as a fun show. Its setting is "environmental": the action is all over the place with the musicians distributed over diverse sections of the small auditorium. It is all done as a merry party prank with some nicely amusing scenic tricks, gay pieces of campy invention which may delight those prepared to lend themselves to the occasion.

As executed, the performance is not all of a piece. I could not understand some of the lyrics, though what I did hear was good. Only two or three voices were adequate to the songs and, while the cast romped about with engaging good will, there was in many instances a sort of boisterous amateurishness—which may not be altogether amiss in the circumstances.

Harold Prince's staging is ingenious and suggestive of further developments. Of the actors, I liked Mark Baker best: his Candide is rendered as a kind of sweet, chubby, curly-headed Ganymede. Lewis Stadlen is briskly serviceable as the Doctors Voltaire, Pangloss and other crazy galoots. June Gable's "Old Lady" of diverse provenance—Russian, Jewish, Spanish, and what not—has her merry moments. Sam Freed as Maximillian sings well enough. Bernstein's score suffers a little from the spread of the reduced orchestra and uncouth singing, but still comes over as sprightly and superior parody, an agreeable spice to the loose hilarity of the whole shebang. □

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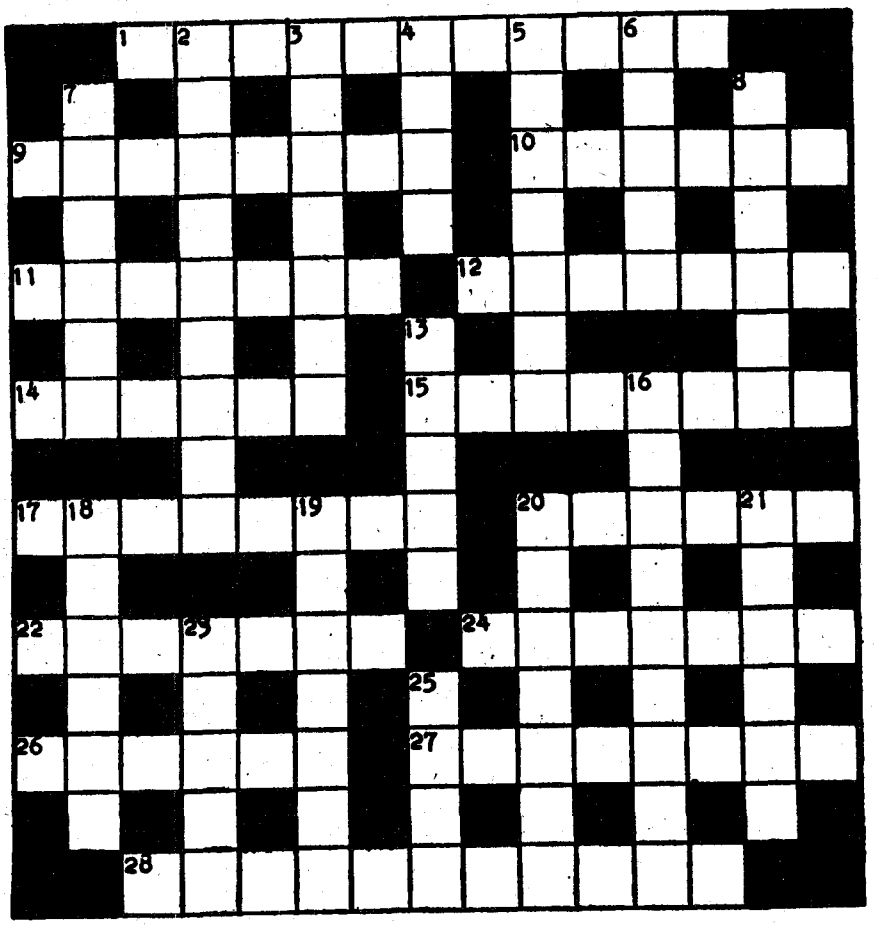
Crossword Puzzle No. 1519

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What one might do to stop the clock is an invitation to settle an argument. (4,7)
9 Left in? Positively the reverse, in both senses! (8)
10 Bill, perhaps, has a droll make-up. (6)
11 Literally, one who walks on tip-toe shoud be quite a performer. (7)
12 See 4 down
14 It might be an operatic number provided by male or female on an oriental holiday. (6)
15 Unconcerned types sometimes couldn't, being so. (8)
17 A word of warning to proceed in one quarter, which should be obvious. (8)
20 - - - - - - - - for example, those of a hundred yards? (6)
22 Prove to be false. (7)
24 One can make such a set give a footprint, for example. (7)
26 Putting the question like Henry VIII, typically. (6)
27 One is not likely to be here, having been east for a change. (8)
28 What the modern young Parisian earns? (Loaf, as an alternative to work for it?) (6,5)

DOWN

2 and 13 James didn't imply it was the warden's tour of duty according to the prisoner. (4,2,3,5)
3 Display of a leaf-insect? (7)
4 and 12 across Left to the devil, possibly, though in relatively good condition. (2,2,7)
5 Drink for one not driving? (7)
6 Deposit a letter for Socrates or such? (5)
7 Sounds like a lot for one connected with UN. (6)
8 What one sometimes does to boil something like spears. (6)
13 See 2 down
16 Craft associated with old Portugal. (9)
18 One might blow in the winds. (6)
19 Two squares have as many sides, but not a cog to fit. (7)
20 A good one has clean habits and can possibly fix the bandage. (7)
21 An unusual legate—possibly Napoleon's son. (6)
23 The monk is chicken, by the sound of it! (5)
25 Certainly not a well-considered breakout. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1518

ACROSS: 1 Would you mind; 9 Statehouse; 10 Stow; 11 Semitone; 13 Urges; 15 Sinister; 16 In secret; 19 Erica; 21 Assent; 22 Proceeds; 24 Adze; 25 Hesitative; 26 Tire pressure. DOWN: 2, 23 and 12 On the Sunny Side of the Street; 3 Lathing; 4 Yahoo; 5 Usurers; 6 In essence; 7 Deserts; 8 For ever and ever; 14 Stretcher; 17 Element; 18 Types up; 20 Ideates.

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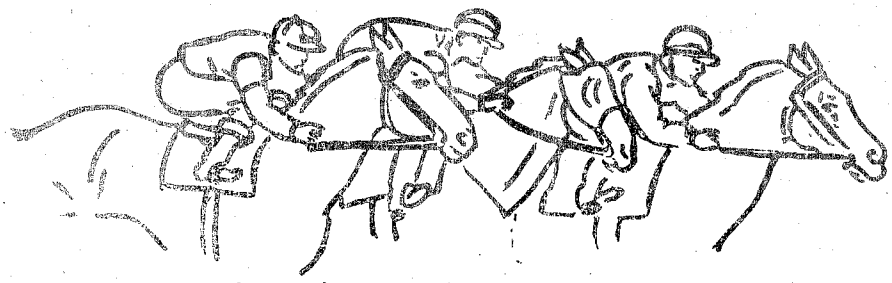

...and the others follow

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May 28, 1973: The NATION runs Joseph C. Goulden's "Warming Up For Watergate" with 1962 as starting point.

Aug. 16, 1973: The VILLAGE VOICE runs "Prelude to Watergate—The Time Frame Was 1962," by Tom de Vries.

CASE NO. 2

Sept. 21, 1970: The NATION runs "Richard Nixon, Theologian" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

July 3, 1972: The NEW YORK TIMES features "Mr. Nixon's Theology" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

CASE NO. 3

June 4, 1973: The NATION runs "Appraising the GAO," a piece about the General Accounting Office by Peter Gruenstein.

June 17, 1973: THE WASHINGTON POST hits with "Congress' GAO Becomes 'Fiscal FBI.'"

CASE NO. 4

Sept. 13, 1971: The NATION digs into "The Corporate Underground" by Timothy H. Ingram.

On Oct. 9, Nov. 3 and 8, 1971, BUSINESS WEEK, The WALL STREET JOURNAL and NEWSWEEK all run the same story, quoting Mr. Ingram.

CASE NO. 5

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